THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1873. NO. 20.

Thinking.

THOUGHTS BY A NOODLE.

I don't think a goose is a swan,
I don't think a sheep is a rabbit,
But I think, when I'm thinking thereon,
That thinking's a dangerous habit.

For some people think they are right,
And some people think they are clever,
And some people think black must be white,
And some think of nothing whatever.

And some people think of themselves,
And some people think of their neighbors;
And some think the gold that one delves
Is very poor pay for one's labors.

For my part, I think that I thought
That I thunk while a-thinking and musing,
That thinking is really worth naught,
Because thinking, I think, is confusing.

Flirting.

LIZZIE TO GUS.

"If I were you I wouldn't give such glances,
And flirt with other girls the evening through;
I would, at least, come back between the dances,
If I were you!"

GUS.

"If I were you, and came with my fiance,
I wouldn't 'spoon' with Charley, all in view,
And let him hold my hand upon the stairway,
If I were you!"

LIZZIE.

"If I were you, I'd dance with stylish ladies;
I wouldn't dance and waltz with only two;
And these as ugly as the two Miss Cadys,
If I were you!"

GUS.

"If I were you I wouldn't hurt one's feelings,
And say sarcastic things; I would not say of you—"

LIZZIE.

"Then I would stop at once these double dealings,
If I were you!"

GUS.

"Really! you would? Why, dear! the tears are coming.
Don't let her see them—my arm—dear, take it, do!
I wouldn't cry when I was only funning,
If I were you!"

LIZZIE.

"One does not like one's feelings to be doubted—"

GUS.

One does not like one's love to miscontrue—"

LIZZIE.

'If I confess that I a wee-bit ponted?"

GUS.

Then I'd admit that I was hasty, too."

LIZZIE.

"Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!"

ESPERANZA.

Do you know the music-room in the Redoubte at Spa? The large expanse in the centre of it is kept clear for dancing, and spectators whose minds and toes are not light or fantastic, remain in the cloisters which surround it, and which are well supplied with comfortable chairs and sofas. Sometimes it happens that the young men are indolent or timid, and the young ladies stiff, and then the smooth shining floor is a desert, and in spite of the floods of light and music, there is something depressing about the general aspect. But that was not the state of affairs one August night, although the majority of visitors present were English. There had been a great deal of fraternization at the *tables-d'hote* of the different hotels: walking, riding, driving parties had been made up daily; the foreign element was just sufficient to correct the British stillness, without being numerically strong enough to provoke its exclusiveness. Altogether a very pleasant little society was formed in the place that season. Millicent Lund was an attractive member of it; a handsome, high-couraged girl; an orphan, sole surviving child of a drysalter, consequently an heiress. While at school, from the age of twelve to nineteen that is, she was happy, but her guardian's wife had patronizing manners, which Milly quietly put up with till she was twenty-one, and then took charge of herself—that is, she engaged one of her old governesses, who was getting too blind and deaf to teach, and would consequently have been otherwise destitute, to accept the nominal position of taking charge of her; but of course it was a sinecure. People were shocked; but much Milly cared for that! She sat on a sofa behind one of the pillars, talking to a black-haired man of about thirty, who dressed rather too well for the expression of his features, which was intelligent.

"I am afraid of you, Mr. Bertram," she was saying.

"Are you?" he replied. "How people are maligned; I heard that you were afraid of no one."

"Perhaps you have been slandered also."

"Shall I tell you a romantic story?"

"O yes, please."

"Do not let your expectations rise," said Bertram; "there is nothing sensational about it. Upwards of a year ago I happened to be staying at Brussels during the Carnival. The Countess G. had a fancy to give a masked ball, and I received an invitation. It was a very brilliant affair, and at the same time the company was select, for the hostess received all her guests on arrival singly, and unmasked, in a small ante-room, so that none but those who were properly invited could gain admittance. I had not been in the room five minutes before I saw a blue domino, who produced the most extraordinary effect upon me that I have ever experienced. Up to that time I had laughed at mesmerism, presentiments, everything which is connected with a mysterious intercommunication of spirits. But now the fact of the existence of secret sympathies was forced upon me. I knew at once that this was the only woman I could ever love. Of course I had often thought myself in love before, but now I saw that I had given that name to a passing fancy, which never reached my heart. I spoke to her, I danced with her. How the night passed, I have no idea; it seemed gone before it had begun."

"You saw her face before she left?"

"Not for a moment. Nor was I able to discover who she was, or where she came from, afterwards. That she was English, I am confident, though she spoke Italian all the evening.

"I am quite interested," said Miss Lund. What was her height, and her figure?"

"Like Yours,"

"Indeed! And the color of her hair?"

"Yours exactly."

"And you have never met her again?"

"Not till this evening."

"Really, Mr. Bertram," said Milly, laughing, "you almost look as if you were going to claim me as your mysterious domino."

"No; I remember my promise."

"And that was?"

"Not to claim her until she wrote or uttered the word *Esperanza*."

"Really, you have kept your word, and told a veritable romance; the lady has only to turn out a ghost or a ghoul to make it complete," said Miss Lund; but as she spoke, she started and turned pale: it was only with an effort that she completed her sentence.

Bertram, looking round for the cause of this emotion, saw that a new arrival at Spa, a man whom he knew slightly in England, had just entered the room and he experienced that pleasing thrill which animates a pointer on snuffing a gamey scent, or a dramatic author when the idea of a plot comes into his head, for he relieved the tedium of a somewhat lethargic existence by watching the little social romances going on around him. If he had been a tattler, this might have proved a mischievous propensity; but he kept his discoveries to himself, or only intimated them to the principal actors, for his amusement consisted in knowing what other people failed to perceive. The young man who had just entered moved up the room, looking right and left for acquaintances. Presently, he saw Bertram, who came forward and shook hands with him, asked him when he had arrived, what hotel he was staying at, and other little commonplaces, while he was answering which he saw Miss Lund, and could not prevent a slight start before he bowed coldly. The young lady replied with a distant bend of the neck.

"You know Miss Lund?" said Bertram.

"I had met her once or twice. But they are going to dance again, and as I am not in a mood for violent exercise, having only just swallowed my dinner, I shall go and have a look at the *Trente et Quarante*.

Though not a gossip himself, Bertram by no means objected to take occasional advantage of the gleanings gathered by members of that fraternity, so he went and sat down by Mrs. Cracket.

"So you have been making love to the heiress," said she.

"Rash, under your very eyes, wasn't it?" he replied. "But what is there between her and Graham?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know?"

"How should I?" I was not aware of Miss Lund's existence till this evening."

"Well, they were engaged for ever so long; he was at her house every day; most improper, with only that poor old Miss Corney to act as chaperone; when suddenly she broke off the match. The airs these parvenus give themselves.

"Was there no cause, then?"

"Oh, I suppose it was some jealous whim, and there may have been some occasion for it. You men are all alike."

This was quite enough for Bertram to start upon, and he made no more inquiries. But he enlistened himself in the troop of the heiress's admirers, which was pretty numerous, 'took the Lund shilling,' as he himself expressed it, and being an adept in the art of making himself agreeable, was soon promoted to the rank of leading partner and first shawl-carrier, vice Williams and Venables, told off respectively to Miss Corney and the lapdog. This distinction did not put him up unduly, for the descriminating young man perceived that the preference was afforded him because he seldom approached the topics of love or matrimony, and when he did, it was always in a ton of badinage.

Yet there were times when she assumed a coquettish air, which seemed to invite him to more serious flirtation, but this was invariably when Graham was present, and appeared to be observing her.

"Now," said Bertram to himself, "there are two courses for the male spoon to pursue: either to clear out of the place altogether or follow the spoon's lead." Graham adopted the latter course, and harnessed himself to the car of a handsome young widow, who dressed gorgeously, rode fearlessly, talked slangily, danced untiringly, and *sat down to play*.

The manners of the little English community assembled at Spa were very much relaxed from the standard set up by each individual member at home. Persons, even of different sexes, spoke to one another without a formal introduction; young ladies danced sometimes twice consecutively with the same partner. The majority only went once to church on Sunday, and devoted the rest of the day to long walks in the woods, the perusal of secular journals, and listening to the band, which played other music than Handel's. Many who frowned at sixpenny whist at home as gambling, staked their florins and five-franc pieces at roulette and rouge-et-noir. But there was one tacit law which the female portion of the British visitors adhered to religiously, and forbade them to take seats at either of the play-tables. They might stand behind, and make their little stakes over people's shoulders, with an air of assumed indifference as to whether they lost or won, if they pleased. That was considered to be mere looking-on. But to sit down like a regular Gambler, with a big G, was held to be a fearful breach of propriety.

And this crime Mrs. Geylass, the young widow, committed. She constantly took a seat, which was obsequiously vacated for her at the unsocial board, removed her gloves, took a card and pin, piled her stock of napoleons into little heaps in front of her, and went in for the thing in the most business like way, her admirers clustering round and backing her luck; on the principal, I suppose, that imitation is the sincerest flattery. The admirers alluded to were all men; their mothers, wives, and sisters abhorred her to a woman. They would have cut her, only her late husband's cousin was a lord, and her own father a baronet, and she was rich. Blood and money cover more sins than charity, so they bowed and smiled, and answered when she spoke to them. But that was not very often, for the widow preferred masculine conversation.

This was the lady to whom Graham now devoted himself; he procured nosegays for her; he contended for the honor of her hand in the ball-room, and her foot when she mounted on horseback, and his attentions were always most earnest when Milly Lund was present. Bertram smiled approval. "Graham is no fool," thought he; "he has selected the next most attractive girl; just as the Lund has selected the next (in her blinded judgment) most attractive man." This soliloquizer had no false modesty, you see.

Having thus ascertained that these two young people were desperately in love with one another, Bertram no longer gave himself the trouble of paying so assidious a court to Miss Lund, and cultivated the acquaintance of Graham, who was too much a man of the world to show a reserve which might betray jealousy, if he felt any, which is doubtful. The two men had not chanced to meet often, but they had been thrown together some two years before in the settlement of a domestic matter in which Graham had behaved in a manner calculated to excite Bertram's esteem, and he was inclined to like the man who knew better of him than most other people did. For our loves and friendships depend quite as much upon men and women's opinion of ourselves as upon their own intrinsic merits.

They breakfasted at the same little table; they strolled afterwards in the hotel garden, smoking; they also consumed their last cigars at night in company, and waxed confidential. At least, the one who had something to confide did it, and Bertram learned that Graham was on the point of going out to Africa to shoot big game.

The other visitors at Spa made a totally different arrangement for the young man, and decreed that he was about to marry the lively widow forthwith. Mrs. Cracket announced the forthcoming event to Millicent Lund as an ascertained fact, and the young lady, believing it, went mad. I do not mean that she required a straight-waistcoat, or put wild flowers in her hair, or sang scraps of song, or danced with her shadow. She did not even show any emotion before Mrs. Cracket and the gossips, but smiled, and remarked that she supposed it was a good match; for she was not of an hysterical nature. But her mind was for the time unhinged, for all that; and she was quite capable of doing some desperate thing which society would have brought in temporary insanity. It was quite true that she had broken with Graham, but then he had no business to marry any one else, etc. How could she appease her resentment; how prove that she did not care one iota for the man she had once been betrothed to? If she could only take the initiative; that would be better still. No one can throw off the restraints conventionally imposed by their fellow-creatures with impunity; if Milly Lund had not indulged her tastes for independence and originality to such an extent; if she had had any experienced friend of her own sex in whom she had confidence, to advise her, she would never have been guilty of writing, on a sheet of lemon-colored note-paper: "*Let me see you to-morrow morning—M. L.*," and dropping it, with her handkerchief, at the Redoubte, when only Bertram was near enough to pick it up. The wisp of paper was not addressed to anybody in particular; that was the only shred of prudence she showed; but then she gave it almost with her own hand, which was very shocking.

"If Graham had known that I had this my in pocket, he would hardly have bidden me such a friendly good night!" said Bertram, on examining the note before going to bed. And then he put it carefully away in his pocket-book. When he called at Millicent's lodgings, he found her alone, not even Miss Corney being present. She had a wild, excited look in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek; and directly the door was closed, she stepped hurriedly towards him.

"Do you know why I have invited you here?" she asked.

Bertram looked as many volumes as he could, and bowed discreetly.

"*Esperanza!*" said she, turning away.

"What!" cried Bertram. "My sympathies were true; you are really"—

"The blue domino!"

Instead of throwing himself at her feet, seizing her hand, and calling her by her Christian name, as he ought to have done, Bertram said, in a musing tone: "Curious! I was never at a ball in Brussels in my life."

"Oh!" cried Millicent, shrinking away, covering her face with her hands, and shedding tears of bitter shame and humiliation.

"I hope you will forgive me," Bertram continued. "I had no idea you would believe my rodomontade, which was only made up at the moment for fun. Pray, do not be distressed; I know all about it. It is pique which has impelled you to listen to the suit of so unworthy an individual; if it were otherwise, I should indeed esteem myself the most fortunate of men. As it is, it is happy that I am neither a needy adventurer, nor an unscrupulous lover, or perhaps you might have been hurried into a marriage which would have proved the misery of your life; and Graham would be eaten by lions, hugged to death by gorillas, stamped out by elephants, poisoned by snakes and quinine, and—and all sorts of things. By-the-bye, do you know that he is off to the Cape next month?"

Millicent was too much overwhelmed by appreciation of the position she had placed herself in, to reply; so Bertram went on:

"They have made up a story about his engagement to Mrs. Geylass. Absurd! If he cannot marry one lady, I am certain he will never take to another, unless perhaps an Ahantee. Not even for pique. I do wish, dear Miss Lund, that you would make a friend of me, and tell me the real cause of offence in Graham. Do you think me curious and impertinent, I only ask because I have a suspicion that I might be able to remove some false impressions. I was left trustee to a young lady, a cousin of my own, to whom Graham was once engaged; and I know that when the affair was broken off, he was very much blamed. Can that sad business have caused you to think badly of him?"

"Had I—not—a right—to do so?" sobbed Millicent.

"Far be it from me to place a limit to the Rights of Women!" said Bertram. "I only know that Graham was not one iota to blame in that sad affair, the fault being entirely on the lady's side; that he could have cleared himself in your estimation at her expense, if he had not pledged himself to silence; and that he kept that pledge, when the happiness of his life was at stake, is very much to his credit. It is no romance that I am telling you this time, Miss Lund; I give you my word of honor that what I say is true. I was one of those to whom Graham made the promise of secresy."

When you have nothing more to say to a woman who is crying, it is best to go away. So Bertram went.

When he parted from Graham that night, he said: "By-the-bye, I have something to give you, old fellow." And opening his pocket-book, he produced the little undirected note and handed it over.

On the following morning Millicent had another caller—an unexpected one this time.

"I have got your note," said Graham, seeing that she looked startled. "What may I hope?"

"My note!"

Graham held it in his hand open. She took it and read:

Let me see you to-morrow morning.
—M. L.

"I have been informed that I—was hasty—once," she said, blushing over neck and forehead; "and, if so, I am sorry for any unjust expressions I may have used."

She could not think what else to say. It did well enough.

"But," said Millicent, after an hour's conversation, "you were very proud yourself, you know, Harry, not to make any appeal to the trustee people to explain." And though he did not think so, he owned it; just as he would have owned anything just then.

He did not go to Africa to shoot gorillas; he stopped at home, and married the heiress. He is very fond of Bertram; but I do not think his wife likes his friend so well as she professes. That little scene was too humiliating.

Statistics of Population.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* gives the following interesting account of the density of population in the great centers of humanity throughout the globe. There are nine cities having a population exceeding one million souls, viz: London, 3,251,000; Soochow, 2,000,000; Paris, 1,825,000; Pekin, 1,648,000; Yeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Siang-tan, in the province of Hunan, 1,000,000; and Tchan-tchaon-foo, in the province of Fokien, 1,000,000. It will be seen that although London holds the first place, the Chinese empire can still boast of possessing more populous cities than all the civilized States of the West. The number of cities possessing a population ranging from above half a million up to a million is twelve, viz: New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hang-kaw, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Bombay, Calcutta, Fow-chow, Tcheling, Bangkok, and Kioto. Twenty cities have a population of from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, thirty-three of from 200,000 to 300,000, and ninety of from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. Europe alone possesses one hundred and seventy-one cities containing more than fifty thousand inhabitants, at the head of which stand London, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

How the Wonder is Worked.

The readers of the *Ledger* doubtless observed in the cable dispatches a notice that the cable laid in 1865 "had failed," at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on the day before; and that an electrician would leave London in the evening to "locate the fault." They of course understood that it was the mission of the gentleman mentioned to go to the shore end of the cable on the coast of Ireland, to ascertain at what point of the two thousand miles of cable buried under the sea the cable had been injured or broken. And we have no doubt some of them have wondered how it was possible for the electrician to know, or to learn, *where* the fault or the break could be, considering that some portions of the wire were a thousand miles distant from his point of observation, and a great deal of it buried deep from human sight two miles beneath the surface of the sea. Yet every part of that long distance, and every fathom of that abyss of water, are within the reach of the electrician's *instrumental hands*, and within the ken of his scientific eye. It is quite practicable for him to "locate the fault" or the break, within a half mile of its actual position, no matter where it be.

Although these far-reaching powers are among the great marvels of modern science, the means and the principles through which they are exercised are among the simplest things when seen and understood. A telegraphic wire will transmit an electro-magnetic wave or "current," in proportion to the square of its diameter. The *resistance* to the transmission of the wave *diminishes* in proportion as the square of the diameter is *increased*. This is one law for the electrician.

The second is that the resistance to the transmission of the wave *increases* in direct proportion to the length of the wire or cable over which it is sent. There two laws furnish the basis for the electrician's observations, calculations and results. He knows, to start with, the precise amount of resistance that a mile of the cable will oppose to the transmission of a given quantity of electro motive force. He has delicate and wonderful instruments, made by expert mechanics, that enable him to measure this with accuracy for half a mile or for ten thousand miles. Having this knowledge and these measuring instruments, and having control of the quantity of electricity he is putting on the wire, he is able to calculate to a nicety how many miles of the cable it is transmitted over, before it encounters a greater resistance than that which is due to the length and diameter of the cable itself. At or near the end of that number of miles of cable, though it be a thousand miles from land, and two miles under the surface of the sea, the "fault" or break the electrician is in search of will be found.

Our readers should understand that we are not stating any mere hypothesis. This real wonder and seeming impossibility has been accomplished again and again. The principles through which it is accomplished, are the discovery of one of those quiet, studious men, who plod about in their laboratories and workshops, and who are supposed by many people to be wasting their lives about things of little practical use, but whose works, together with those of the skilled mechanics, who co-operate with them, really move the world along.

This particular student of the laws of nature is Prof. Ohm, of Nuremburg, Germany, one of several men whose labors, like those of Oersted and our American Prof. Henry, have made the Magnetic Telegraph a possibility. The delicate and wonderful instruments by which those principles are applied, and which enable the electrician to extend his reach a thousand miles out to sea, and to the bottom of the ocean abyss, have been at work in one of the most modest work-shops in this city for several years. They are the tools of a Philadelphia workman, who now leads the world in the manufacture of one important adjunct in telegraphy—a nearly perfect "insulator." The simple device for working the ocean cable is there also.

This matter has been mentioned at some length, for the benefit of the boys and girls in our public schools, who will see what grand and useful results are accomplished by the application of the simplest principles of science, and that they may also understand that they need but rarely go beyond their own city to find whatever they may wish to know, or to understand about science, applied to the useful purposes of life.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Mormon Bible.

I find in my scrap-book, set down there thirty years ago, an item which may be of interest at the present time, when the Mormom problem is evidently approaching a civilized solution. The truth of the statement herein given was vouched for in my presence by a man who was above deceit. The origin of the "Book of Mormon," so called, has been a puzzle to many, much of it being evidently the production of a cultivated mind, and yet springing to light from the hands of illiterate men.

It was written, in 1812-13, as a literary recreation, by Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, at that time residing in New Salem, Ohio; and, as he wrote it, it professed to be a historical romance of a lost race, the remains of whose numerous mounds and inscriptions are found on the banks of the Ohio. After the work had been completed the author had thoughts of having it printed, and for that purpose he gave the manuscript into the hands of a printer, in whose office it remained for several years, but the design of printing was not carried into execution. As foreman in the printing office where Mr. Spaulding's romance was lodged was employed Sidney Rigdon, who afterward figured conspicuously in Mormon history; and there is no doubt that he copied the manuscript and subsequently gave it to Smith. Upon the appearance of the Book of Mormon, in 1830, there were those living to whom Mr. Spaulding had read parts of his romance, and they recognized his verbiage in the book. Upon search the original manuscript was found among the papers of the deceased clergyman, and on comparison the Mormon Bible proved to have been not materially altered from this parent text. Of course the discovery soon made considerable talk. A great many people went to see the manuscript, and at the expiration of a few weeks it mysteriously disappeared. As there was a Mormon preacher in New Salem at the time, with proselytes at his heels, the mystery of the disappearance was not very deep.

ELECTIONEERING.—The Gardiner *Reporter* tells a little story of a town election "at the head of navigation." A man who wished to be elected treasurer promised to treat the crowd on cider. Then he went to the Yankee who was retailing the beverage and undertook to buy up the stock so as to control the business, but was told he could have it for five cents per glass, "without any discount to the trade." His treat thus cost him more than he intended, but he was elected. His next move was to send a letter to the Yankee threatening to enter complaint against him for selling cider unless he came and settled up for the advantage he took of him on election day!

Above the Arctic Circle.

The Marvels of the Frigid Zone—Interesting Experiences in the Search for the Open Polar Sea—Surrounded by Icebergs.

Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, in one of his lectures descriptive of his search of the open polar sea, described the glaciers and icebergs of Greenland vividly. All the interior of Greenland, the lecturer said, is one vast field of ice, which gradually and imperceptibly moves downward toward the sea, the centre moving somewhat more rapidly than the sides, and by the fractures thus created giving to the ice those fantastic shapes which from time immemorial have been at once the marvel and admiration of explorers. When the glacier reaches the sea it passes on as before over the inclined plain beneath the surface, until so much of it is immersed that it is no longer able to resist the buoyancy of the water, and breaking from the glacier, with a roar that can be heard for miles, the iceberg rises to the surface, and floats away sometimes as far as the coast of Newfoundland, while the glacier continues its ceaseless movement downward to form new icebergs from age to age. The masses of ice thus detached of course vary in size, but in all of them there is seven times as much ice under water as appears above the surface. From the deck of his vessel Dr. Hayes once counted as many as 500, some as large as the hall in which he stood, others as large as Trinity church, still others as large as the city of New York, and yet others twelve times the size of New York. One in especial arose 317 feet above surface, and he computed its weight to have been not less than twenty-seven millions of tons.

With regard to the midnight sun, Dr. Hayes related an incident which, had he not actually witnessed it himself, might possibly have been received with incredulity by his audience. As he traveled northward the days gradually lengthened until darkness ceased altogether, and the sun was never out of sight. The passengers on board the ship were much incommoded, and were obliged to create artificial darkness by drawing curtains around them when they desired to sleep. The dumb animals on board were in a pitiful state of consternation; the dogs howled unceasingly, and evinced a desire to bay the sun. But the most remarkable effect was created upon an old rooster, the last of their stock of fowl, whose life had been spared in consideration of his age and consequent toughness. This venerable bird, day after day, watched the heavens, but found no opportunity of heralding the approach of dawn by his wonted crow. His mind at last gave way, and one morning, in full view of the astounded voyagers, the unhappy bird flew upon the rail of the ship, stretched his neck toward the sun, and giving the merest apology for a crow, sprang into the ocean and was seen no more.

In 1859 Dr. Hayes' first expedition sailed northward, and breaking through the ice in Baffin's Bay, penetrated as far as latitude 75°, this, up to that time, being the furthest point ever attained by explorers. On the icebergs which he encountered polar bears were very numerous. These animals, he said, are far from being the ferocious monsters which voyagers are so fond of depicting. They are, in fact, very timid creatures. As an instance of their cowardice, he related an account of his suddenly meeting one in the middle of an arctic night, that is to say, broad daylight. Without a moment's hesitation the doctor turned and ran, never stopping until his breath was utterly exhausted; he then looked behind him to see, as he said, how long a lease of life remained for him, and to his unspeakable relief saw the bear was running also, but in the opposite direction.

A very perilous adventure through which he passed during this voyage was listened to with breathless attention. The ship was lying in a large natural bay or harbor, close to a glacier; one day a terrific roaring startled every one on board. An immense iceberg had parted from the glacier, and risen to the surface so near the ship that the first of a succession of waves which it created carried the vessel, dragging her anchor, entirely across the bay, leaving her within a few feet of the rocks on the opposite side. The wave recoiling, threw over the deck a volume of water that swept before it everything not made fast, and forced the crew to hold on for their lives.

Two of the finest glaciers the lecturer saw he christened after Prof. Tyndall in compliment to the great scientist for his Alpine researches. Among the interesting features of the lecture was the exhibition of some exquisite photographs of Arctic scenes reflected upon a curtain on the stage. One of these was a gigantic rock on the coast of Greenland, which was in all respects similar to that on which the ill-fated Atlantic had struck, and it was a matter of surprise to Dr. Hayes, in view of the nature of the coast, that so many of the Atlantic's passengers had been saved. Melville Bay was the highest point reached in this expedition. In concluding his lecture Dr. Hayes said that this trip might be made by any gentleman during the summer months in his own yacht. Noble sport could be found in shooting polar bears, and the trip would be no more dangerous than crossing the Atlantic. At the first blush it might seem that sailing among these tremendous glaciers and icebergs was perilous navigation, but it should be borne in mind that at the proper season darkness never hides them, and hence danger from this source need scarcely be apprehended.

Rapid-Traveling.

An examination of the nine great railways which terminate in London shows that the average rate of speed at which the quickest expresses travel is forty-seven and three-quarter miles an hour. Two lines only excel this. The ten o'clock Northern train from London to Peterborough runs the distance of seventy-six miles and a quarter at the rate of fifty-one miles an hour. But the broad-gauge west of England trains on the Great Western beat even the Great Northern. A train makes the run from Paddington to Swindon, seventy-seven and a quarter miles, without stopping, in three minutes less than an hour and a half; this is a uniform pace of fifty-three and a quarter miles an hour! The Great Northern falls off its pace after it passes Peterborough, and travels from Granthen to York at under forty-five miles an hour. The Great Western falls off a little from Swindon to Bath. But the journey from London to Bath by the 11:45 train is the quickest in the world. The distance is one hundred and six and three-quarter miles. It is timed for two hours and thirteen minutes, including ten minutes at Swindon. The running time is, therefore, something over fifty-two miles an hour. The fastest time anywhere on the Great Eastern is forty-one miles an hour. The London *Daily News* gives many other figures comparing the speed of different roads, instancing some trains that run as slow as thirty-three and a half miles an hour. The Great Eastern is the slowest, and the Great Western the quickest of the railways.

Minnesota reports that with the mild weather pickets are beginning to come up, and farmers expect a fair crop of fences some time this summer.

After the Earthquake.

A Correspondent Looks at San Salvador After Its Destruction.

As we approached the town of San Salvador, says a letter writer, the signs of destruction became apparent. An aqueduct which spans the road, and from which the city was mainly supplied, lay broken down, its massive arches blocking the road, and the remnants threatening to fall at any moment. The bullock-drivers were doing a splendid business, the whole route being thronged with their wagons going to and fro. On arriving at the suburbs of the unfortunate city, our driver, an impudent vagabond, stopped, and refused to go any further. We persuaded him, however, to drive to the plaza, where we found the President, and most of the inhabitants that remained, encamped. The English Vice-Consul could not be found immediately, so we waited on His Excellency the President, and made known the object of our mission, placing our services at his disposal, and assuring him of the sympathy of Her Britannic Majesty's Government. We soon afterward found Mr. Blair, acting Vice-Consul, who in company with some other English gentlemen, was working hard to save what he could from the ruins of the British Consulate.

In company with one of these gentlemen, a Mr. Moffat, I made an inspection of the city, taking sketches of some most striking ruins. Such a scene of desolation I have never before witnessed, ueless it be Africa. The whole town was down, with the exception of one or two wooden houses. All the churches, including the cathedral, were a heap of ruins; the spire of the latter had been arrested in its fall, and remained in a slanting position, like the leaning tower of Pisa, but at a much greater angle. One of the bells must have been swung completely round, as it remained mouth up. The United States Consulate was a mass of ruins inside, though the outer walls were standing. Mr. Biddle, the Resident Minister of the United States, with his five little children, had a very narrow escape.

The Palace, being built of wood, remained standing except where stone had been used, in which places the sides had fallen, leaving great gaps in the building. There was not a single house left in habitable condition; the stronger the walls the greater was the ruin, and the streets were one mass of debris. Mr. Blair and his friends were living in the patio under a rude sort of tent, surrounded by the ruins of the consulate. They were all wonderfully cheery under the circumstances, and as kind and hospitable as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Keogh's escape was miraculous; the room in which she was sleeping was completely wrecked, and must have been killed but for some beams which prevented the walls from crushing her. Accounts differ as to the number of lives lost—some say as many as fifty killed and 500 wounded: others not so much; but all agree that the number is wonderfully small considering the damage done. Indeed, looking at the ruins it seems extraordinary how any escaped, especially as the catastrophe happened in the night. Providentially for the final shock, which brought down the town, was preceded by two others of sufficient force to awaken and alarm the inhabitants, who had time to rush out, and so save their lives.

The President behaved most nobly, and by his admirable regulations and the discipline which he enforced, prevented any riots or robberies. The city was placed under martial law; citizens were authorized to shoot any one interfering with their property, and sentries were posted at the corners of the streets, with orders to fire at any one lurking about after dark. Judging by the way the rifle-balls were flying about during the night, they must have kept a sharp look-out. Mr. Taylor, an American gentleman, who has been superintending the laying down of telegraphs in the country, extended his hospitality to all; indeed, I do not know what we should have done without his assistance. He contrived to have a good breakfast and dinner prepared for all who chose to avail themselves of it, although his house was ruined like the rest. During our stay in the city—some forty-eight hours—we experienced seven or eight shocks of earthquake of more or less violence. No further damage was done by them, simply because nothing more could be done, unless the earth opened and swallowed up the ruins. In some places it already opened, some of the cracks being upward of a foot wide and of considerable depth. Mr. Biddle, who had taken his family out to a hacienda some three or four leagues off, rode in to see us. We went together over the ruins of his house—a most melancholy sight. Many horses and mules were killed by the falling walls, and those that remained seemed to have their nerves quite shattered. Mr. Blair told me that one of his mules, a valuable animal, was now quite worthless from the fright she had received; she would stop and tremble at the slightest sound. Birds also seemed in an excited state; at every shock all the cocks began to crow, and pigeons wheeled wildly in the air.

The President issued a decree the day following the disaster, saying that the town would be rebuilt on its old site. One cannot help admiring the pluck of the gallant old man, but it is nothing more nor less than tempting Providence to do such a thing. The city has been completely destroyed already six or seven times, at intervals of about twenty years; the last time was in 1854. The ground on which it is built is a mere shell. By placing one's ear to the earth running water may be distinctly heard, and if struck by any heavy object a hollow sound is produced. The Indians would never build on that site, and it is sheer folly to do so now. Before we left San Salvador carpenters were hard at work erecting temporary wooden houses in the plaza, and a military band played there in the evenings. The sick and wounded having been already removed to Santa Tecla and other places, the services of Dr. Smyth were happily not required, so he and Mr. Davey returned to Libertad by coach, and Mr. Blair accompanied me on horseback.

THE MODOCS.—General Schofield sent the following dispatch to General Gillem:

"Please inform me fully of the situation, so I may send more troops if necessary. If the Indians escape from the lava beds I may send troops to operate against them from another direction. Let me know fully what you wish. I suppose you have force enough to destroy the outlaws unless they succeed in eluding you. Nothing short of their prompt and sure destruction will satisfy the ends of justice or meet the expectations of the Government."

In the wreck of the Northfleet, one navvy who was saved was heard by the correspondent of the London *Standard* saying: "When I saw what was up, I said, ses I, I'm agoin' to die, and I may as well do it as comfortable as I can, and so I lit my pipe." There was no high feeling in that man, but there was an infinite capacity for discipline. Fear did not over power him in any degree. He thought a smoke even in the face of death still an object worth desiring.

Official Report of the Massacre of the Peace Commissioners.

The following letter was received at the Interior Department, at Washington:

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP SOUTH SIDE }
TULE LAKE, Cal., April 15, 1873. }

The Hon. C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior.

SIR: Since our arrival at the lava bed the commission, together with Gen. Canby, had labored hopefully, and had apparently gained several points over the Indians looking to a peaceful solution of this question. Until Friday morning, 11th inst., had thwarted all their schemes of treachery through the fidelity of our interpreter, Mrs. Riddle, a Modoc woman. On that morning terms were agreed upon for a meeting satisfactory to Dr. Thomas and Gen. Canby, though not to Mr. Dyar nor myself nor the Modoc woman, Gen. Canby remarking that they dare not molest us because his forces commanded the situation, and Dr. Thomas said where God called him to go he would go, trusting to His care. The meeting was held at the time and place agreed upon—Canby, Meacham, Thomas, and Dyar, and eight armed, instead of six unarmed Indians, as was agreed upon. The talk was short, the Modoc chiefs both saying that unless the soldiers were withdrawn from the country no further talk would be had. Up to that point the Commissioners reaffirmed that the soldiers would never be withdrawn until the difficulty was settled, and still extending the offer of amnesty, a suitable and satisfactory home, and ample provisions for their welfare in the future. The reply from both chiefs was, "Take away your soldiers and we will talk about it." Gen. Canby assured the Indians that he was here for the protection of both parties, and to see that the commission faithfully fulfilled their promises.

About this time two armed Indians suddenly appeared from the brush in our rear. An explanation was asked, and Capt. Jack replied by snapping a pistol at Gen. Canby, saying in Indian, "All ready," after which Gen. Canby was dispatched by Capt. Jack with a pistol and knife, and Dr. Thomas by a pistol shot in the breast and gunshot in the head by Boston. Meacham and Dyar attempted to escape toward the camp, the former followed by Schonchin John, and the latter by Black Jim and Hooker Jim. Schonchin fired six shots at Meacham, hitting him four times, and leaving him for dead. Boston attempting to scalp him, was deterred by a Modoc woman. Dyar escaped unhurt, though fired at three times, by Black Jim, who was only three feet away, and by Hooker Jim, by whom he was pursued. After running about two hundred yards he turned upon his pursuer with a small pocket Derringer, when the Indian turned and ran back, thus letting Dyar get away. Mr. Dyar will be obliged to leave in a day or two on account of official duties, but while here the remainder of the Commission will consult with Gen. Gillem, should any active measure be necessary on our part. We believe that complete subjugation by the military is the only method by which to deal with these Indians. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. MEACHAM,
Chairman Modoc Peace Commission.

An Atlantic Cable.

The new Atlantic cable differs somewhat from any of those hitherto laid, either to America or elsewhere. There are seven No. 18 gauge copper wires, twisted in a spiral, and weighing 300 pounds per nautical mile, and these are covered with four coats of gutta percha, with thin layers of Chatterton's compound, this amounting to 400 pounds per knot. The diameter of each wire is .0,048 inch; of the stand, .0,146 inch, and of the wire and gutta percha and compound, .0,464 inch. This core is served with hemp, and the hemp is again protected by ten wires drawn from homogeneous iron, each wire being swathed in five yarns of Manilla hemp laid on spirally, with a tarry compound to preserve it. So far the cable is not dissimilar to those of 1865 and 1866, and is almost identical with that of the French cable of 1868; but it is sensibly larger, and the difference is owing to two servings of jute yarn wound on in contrary directions, and covered with two coats of Latimer Clark's preservative compound. The cable weighs nearly two cwt. per knot more than the previous cables; but it is even stronger in proportion, and is calculated to last twice as long under the same conditions. The cable is coiled down under water in the same tanks which have thrice done duty across the Atlantic, and there is now a fourth tank constructed quite close to the stern, capable of taking another 500 miles of cable. But if this was filled the Great Eastern would not be able to get over the Sheern as bar. As it is, she will be down to her line as soon as her coals are got on board. Right well does she look; fit at a week's notice for any service; as trim and as neat as a man-of-war. Those who have known her since the trip in which she blew up her second funnel, fourteen years ago, can see no deterioration in her appearance, and when the new dock at Milford Haven is ready to take her in, that she may get scrubbed down and have the tons of mussels taken off her bottom, she will be as good as new in every respect.

Small Expenditures.

Five cents each morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family—$18.25 a year. And this amount invested in the savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $670. Enough to buy a good farm in the west.

Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper; you'd scarcely miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day, $1.05 per week—enough to buy a wife or a daughter a dress—$54.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over $2,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents a morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; it would buy several yards of muslin. $36.50 in one year. With it you could buy a good suit of clothes. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have $1,340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a good book for the children. $2.10 per week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. $109.29 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon, on which your wife or daughter could play sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would, in forty years

Bee Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 15, 1873.

TERMS.—The Reporter is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1,50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash will receive the Reporter one year free.

George Francis Train has been found perfectly sane by a New York jury.

All the worse for Train if ever he commits murder.

The Grant policy of usurpation, in Louisiana, is bringing its fruits—bloodshed has already resulted and lives have been lost. The people want no bayonet rule and will resist; they think they can govern Louisiana themselves, and have indicated by their votes who shall do it, and Grant's backing up the bastard government of Kellogg is usurpation of the worst kind.

Local Option, so far as Clinton county is concerned, does not amount to much. Lock Haven city has voted for licenses, while the county voted against. The city being the market and centre of trade for that county, almost every countryman seen going from Lock Haven, has a bottle with him. Selling whisky and bottles is now a big thing for the Lock Haven liquor sellers.

Civil war has broken out in Louisiana—nothing less was to have been looked for the way the scalawags went on, under the advice and protection of the Grant regime. It is too much to expect that a people shall sit down quietly under such a usurpation as is attempted in that unfortunate state. It is the right and the duty of every citizen of Louisiana to resist. The Kellogg government is a damnable imposition, and were it not for the federal bayonets, it would have vanished months ago and the state have enjoyed quiet.

Blood has been shed, and upon the Grant administration rests the responsibility, for having tried to fasten upon the people of that state a set of state officers whom they repudiated at the polls. The administration at Washington had no right to interfere at all; it was not called upon to do so, and we trust that the men of Louisiana will succeed in driving out the minions and tools of the white-house tyrant, and that not a single one will find her soil congenial enough to stay. If the people wish to preserve their rights and liberties they must act themselves, there is no use in appealing to, and expecting justice from the Jacobins who now tyranize over the country. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, especially in Louisiana, and God speed the cause of her sons.

The Congressional Steal.

The dishonest and disgraceful steal of Congressmen in the increase of salaries, and especially in making it apply to the last session, is condemned by the people generally, as is the act of Grant signing the bill by which it was made a law. Below we give the officers affected by the law, with the old and present Salaries:

President.....	$ 25,000	$ 50,000
Vice President.....	8,000	10,000
Speaker.....	5,000	10,000
Chief Justice.....	6,500	10,000
Associate Jus....8..	48,000	80,000
Cab't 7 Members..	56,000	70,000
Assistant Sec'y 7...	21,000	42,000
Con. 241 members	1,205,000	
New Con. 291.....		2,182,500
Senate	370,000	675,000
Delegates	50,000	108,000
Total amn't sal'r's	$1.784,500	$3,210,00

Increase $1,415,500 annually. This is an additional burden placed upon the people, at a time when taxes are already high. The salaries of Congressmen have been increased three times within the past twenty years, and every time when the party opposed to the Democracy were in the majority. In 1854, when the Know-Nothings had the majority in Congress, it was increased from $8 per day to $3,000 per year. In 1864, when the Republicans controlled Congress, to $7,500 per year.

The radicals have the District of Columbia under their own rule now. The population is 136,000, or about four times that of Centre county, yet it costs $2,224,000 to carry on the government of the District. For salaries alone $543,596 are spent in a year, and the rate of taxation is $1.76 upon $100. The worst of rings have things under their control and the governor is appointed by Grant. Astounding frauds are practiced by the radical office-holders there—and there's where the money goes. Under democratic rule the District was entirely free from the curses which have of late years fallen to its lot.

Gen. Sherman says there need be no fears of a general Indian war.

Oakes Ames was struck with paralysis on 6th inst. He struck some fellows pretty badly with Credit Mobilier, which was just about as fatal.

The tunnel of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad under the city of Baltimore is on the verge of completion. When finished it will enable passengers to go through the city without stopping.

Trenton, in Louisiana, was nearly destroyed by fire on the morning of the 6th. Loss $300,000.

Stokes has been denied a new trial, by the supreme court. Next the court of appeals will be resorted to. It is about time "new trials" be played out in this case.

Chief Justice Chase died in New York on 6th, of apoplexy.

A salmon weighing 9½ pounds, and 31 inches in length, was shot in the Susquehanna, near Harrisburg, a few days ago. That must have been old Sam-one.

The democrats carried Pottsville by 230 majority, the other day, and on same day the democrats carried Scranton by 949 majority.

Grant.

The *Graphic* hits the nail on the head, elegantly in the following little article:

The news from Louisiana, as will be seen from our despatches, is depressing in the extreme. The State is on the brink of civil war, and the slightest movement of either party may precipitate a bloody conflict. Behind all the confusions and complications of this sad case, the people do not lose sight of two salient facts: The Kellogg Government has been pronounced a usurpation by the Senate Committee, and it owes all its power to the unauthorized interference and the unqualified support of the Federal authorities. But for the presence of the United States troops, there would have been no difficulty to speak of. The negroes have been excited to take up arms by a faction, and feel strong enough to attack the whites because backed by Federal artillery. It is to be regretted that, while affairs are in this critical condition in a great Commonwealth, the President is riding about the country, partaking of the hospitalities of the rich, and evidently enjoying himself to the utmost with congenial companions. It would seem that while the Modocs are shooting our soldiers by the score at the Lava Beds, and our nation is irretrievably disgraced in the eyes of the whole world by corrupt commissioners at Vienna, and a whole State is in arms in consequence of Federal usurpation, Gen. Grant should be anywhere but where he is. If he cannot attend to the duties of his great office at a juncture so critical as the present certainly is, he ought to resign at once and make way for a man who is willing to sacrifice pleasure to business, and does not need a vacation every week.

"How the President Draws his Salary," is the caption of a three inch article, going through some of our ex changes. What the President draws the $50,000 for and where it comes from, are matters that interest the dear people more than "How he Draws it."

Gov. Dix, of New York, will not sign the local option bill, unless cider and lager beer are exempted.

The Strength of the Democracy.

The Albany *Aryus* exhibits with vigor and clearness the actual strength and resources of the Democracy and the waning power of Radicalism. It recalls that "in 1860 the Republican party was in an actual minority on the aggregate vote of the country of 947,289. This minority it has wiped out, not by gains from the Democratic party, but by adding 1,032,475 voters from the colored race. The gains of the Republican party have not been from the white race but from the black race, for the Opposition to-day is able to bring to the polls from the great reserve vote of the country 350,000 more voters than it was able to poll in 1860; leaving still a million and a half of non-voting citizens subject to the call of that organization which shall best succeed in quickening their consciences.

"The country to-day contains three millions of active Democrats, two and a-half millions of white Republicans, one million colored citizens, and one million and a half of non-voting citizens who are so disinterested that only deep political excitement reaches them. The aggregate white vote of the country was about 800,000 more last fall than in 1860.

"The Democratic party has to-day a stronger nucleus than the Republican party. Its three millions have been baptized in fire and blood for their faith, and are held by ties stronger than even 'the cohesive power of public plunder,' for they have remained banded together notwithstanding every reverse. They are Democrats because they believe in Democracy. Republicans have been such, also, because they believed in Republicanism; but that party having accomplished all it undertook to do, and its leaders having organized as public plunderers, those who now believe in the Republican party are rapidly diminishing.

"Counting in the one million of colored voters, and yet there are five millions of the eight and a-half millions of voters in the country which the Republican party cannot bring to the polls. With the loss of confidence and loss of interest, now apparent among Republicans on every hand, and with the growing conviction that there is security only in the tried principles of Democracy, it requires very little faith in the ultimate triumph of the right to become convinced of the complete success of the Democratic party.

"A comparison of the returns of the elections with the census reports shows that of the non-voters full one million belong to the non-voting whites of the South, who if they had voted, would have cast their suffrages for the Liberal ticket, thus giving the opposition a large majority of the entire vote.

"More than one-half of the electors of the country, including two-thirds of its intelligent population, are wedded to the Democracy; and political courage and popular confidence cannot fail to make that sentiment effective at the polls.

"The State of New York contains 981,587 citizens, a majority of whom are naturally Democratic; as has been attested by the many and brilliant successes achieved by the Democracy. Over 150,000 voters stayed away from the polls last fall.

"The Republican party having trampled upon its platform of last year, and having been convicted of high crimes against public morality and sound principle, it but remains for the Democratic party to vigorously assert its own distinguishing principles, to secure the confidence of the people, and to redeem the State. The Republican party misgoverns wherever it rules. The application of Democratic maxims in the conduct of government will remedy all the consequences of its misrule. He prattles like a parrot, then, who prates of Democratic doubt, and Democratic dismay. Just now is the precise time, above all others, when the Democratic party has the right to be most confident. Its principles are eternal, and the validity of its organization equally so. Immortality possesses it, because its life is the life of the nation."

Ezekiel West, the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died in New London, Chester county. Age 118.

An exploding boiler killed four men in Chicago the other day.

Legislation in Pennsylvania—Speech of Ex Attorney-General Black.

The Hon. Jeremiah S. Black has lately delivered a noteworthy speech before the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, in which he is one of the delegates at large. Mr. Black was Attorney-General of the United States in the days before mediocrity had become a passport to that office. He is a lawyer of unquestioned ability and integrity, and his views on the present condition of his own State are entitled to great consideration.

Mr. Black thus speaks of Pennsylvania's ancient glory:

The time was when the State of Pennsylvania, then a mere colony, containing perhaps less than 50,000 inhabitants, had a reputation throughout the earth for independence, justice, peace, and good order—for everything that goes to make up the happiness of an organized society. There was no portion of the world from which the eyes of the best and wisest men were not turned in admiration toward this community. All this resulted from the wise and just system of laws adopted by the illustrious founder of the colony.

And then he dwells on her present shame:

What we want above all things upon the earth is honest legislation; and when I say we want it, I use the word in the double sense of needing it and lacking it. It cannot be denied that the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania has habitually, and constantly, for the last twenty-five years or more, betrayed the trust reposed in its members; and this has gone so far that we must have reform if we would not see our institutions perish before our eyes. There was a time when membership of our State Legislature was a passport to honor and admiration everywhere, from a Parisian drawing room to the cottage of a peasant. Now that same Legislature is a stench in the nostrils of the whole world. The cry against this corruption comes up, not only from every part of this house, but from every quarter of the Commonwealth. It is borne to us on the wings of every wind. Nor is it a mere popular clamor. It is founded upon incontestable facts which have passed into the domain of history, and will stand there forever.

The speaker gives two specific instances in which this utter absence of morality and honesty in the Legislature has worked terrible injustice. The first is the passage of the charter of the Bank of the United States in 1837. How this resulted is eloquently told:

The Bank of the United States pushed its charter through, partly by direct bribery and partly by a base combination of private interests, which were openly and shamelessly avowed upon the face of the bill itself. The speculation exploded in the course of a short time; but it scattered destruction everywhere, and brought desolation to a thousand firesides. It disgraced the character of the state; destroyed her credit; reduced her public securities to forty cents on the dollar; branded her name with repudiation and made her name a hissing byword among all the nations. The perpetrators of that atrocious outrage were never called to any account, and their impunity was an invitation to all others to go and do likewise. For years afterward the other banks, conbining themselves together, corrupted the Legislature and robbed the public according to the statutes in such case made and provided.

In the growth of the existing railroad system is to be found the other striking illustration of the unfaithfulness of the legislators. Mr. Black says of the company which was originally organized to build a road from Harrisburg to Pittsburg:

It swallowed up nearly all the property that the State ever had. It took it substantially as a gift; the five or six millions it paid was no consideration for the fifty or sixty millions it got. The gift of this immese domain was followed by a surrender on the part of the Commonwealth of her right to collect her own revenue, amounting to millions more, and which belonged to her as much as the purse in your pocket belongs to you. I allude to the repeal of the tonnage tax. I refer to that fatal, that perfidious statute which the Legislature, the lobby, and the railroad company conspired to pass disarming the State of her just right to collect the duty which was her own of three mills upon each ton of produce carried. It was a terrible wrong; for it ground the face of labor to pour a great stream of wealth into the imperial treasury of a corporation which had no claim of right to it. By such a dereliction of duty on the part of the Legislature that corporation has grown so mighty that its little finger is thicker than the loins of the Commonwealth which created it. Her stride is across the continent, from ocean to ocean. Her head is in the clouds, and the arms of her gigantic power stretch out on either side from one horizon to the other. The several Legislatures which have stripped me and my fellow citizens of our just rights to clothe this corporation with imperial power were treacherous to their duty and basely unfaithful to their high trusts.

But this company is not alone in its infamy:

Other corporations have powers similarly bestowed, and nearly as great. Four of them have had the advantage of the loose legislation at Harrisburg, so as to secure monopolies a thousand fold more oppressive than that which made the name of Sir Giles Overreach infamous in the dramatic literature of England. What was the exclusive privilege of selling sweet wines in the reign of Elizabeth compared to the power which puts its own price upon every basketful of anthracite coal that is consumed in a country like this?

We are told that these are only a few of the instances in which the legislature has proved treacherous; that one in a hundred has not been mentioned, nor the worst cases selected; and that the corruption has now gone so far that the veto power is utterly incapable of stopping it.

The members of the lobby and the promoters of the doctrine of Addition, Division, and Silence are thus sharply portrayed:

The foulest birds that wing the air have made the tree of liberty their roosting place, and their obscene droppings cover all the plains about them—the kite, with his beak always sharpened for some cruel repast; the vulture, ever ready to swoop upon his prey; the buzzard, digesting his filthy meal and watching for the moment when he can gorge himself again upon the prostrate carcass of the Commonwealth. And the raven is hoarse that sits there croaking despair to all who approach for any clean or honest purpose.

The absence of temptation and the dread of punishment Mr. Black evidently considers the only remedies and safeguards. He thinks that the misconduct of members is due to the fact that they are not responsible, and nobody is responsible for them. He says:

Washington said long ago that irresponsible power could never be safely trusted in human hand. By irresponsible power I mean power which may be abused without calling down any punishment upon the heads of those who commit it. In this respect all our constitutions are anomalous. They are a series of commands without any sanction to enforce them.

A State Treasurer who Gives no Security.

The absolute control which the plundering Ring politicians exercised over the late degraded Legislature of Pennsylvania is well illustrated in the success which attended their audacious project for retaining control of the State finances. Ever since the state treasury fell into the hands of the notorious William H. Kemble, whose proficiency in Addition, Division and Silence has given him a reputation, such as it is, throughout the United States, the most remarkable confusion has pervaded the accounts of that department of the State Government, giving rise to very ugly suspicions. According to official reports, as was late demonstrated by Mr. Orvis in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, there have been defalcations amounting to nearly three million dollars since the Ring got the handling of the public funds, a period of only six years.

The present Treasurer, Robert W. Mackey, is a friend of Kemble, and a fit representative of the school of Pennsylvania politicians which has brought that State into wide and well-deserved disrepute. His term of office was about expiring, and there was no probability of his being re-elected; therefore the Ring, in order to keep their man in place, procured the passage of a law extending Mackey's term until May 1, 1874.

This extension of Mackey's term is a great thing for the Ring in more ways than one. In the first place it prevents investgation into the interior affairs of the treasury which would follow a change of treasurers, and might prove unpleasant to some of those interested. In the next place it will give the Ring control of the public funds for another year, an advantage that no one understands better than those who have enjoyed the fat pickings from this source during the past six years. And in the third place it relieves Mackey's bondsmen from all liability in case he is found to be a defaulter when he is driven at last from the place to which he so pertinaciously clings.

There are many unpleasant rumors afloat regarding the condition of the Pennsylvania treasury. It has been repeatedly asserted that Mackey carries his own personal check for $100,000 among the assets of the treasury, counting it as cash, and strong Administration journals have intimated that should all the secrets of the treasury vaults be brought into light, the people of Pennsylvania would be astounded. Mackey has given bonds heretofore, as treasurers usually do, which have been renewed from term to term, and of course his bondsmen are in the Ring. But the resolution extending his tenure of office does not provide for any security, and the responsibility of his present bondsmen will expire with the term for which he was elected. For the next year, therefore, Mackey will have the handling of all the money of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania without being compelled to give one dollar of security for the faithful performance of his duty. So his bondsmen are all safe, no matter what happens.

One of the stanchest Administration newspapers in Pennsylvania recently characterized the last Legislature of that State as "the vilest herd of villains ever seen in this nation." But what better could be expected where such a creature as Kemble is allowed to represent the State in the National Committee of a great political party?—*N. Y. Sun.*

How Money Goes at the White House.

General Farsworth, ex-Congressman from Illinois, denouncing the increase of the salaries of the President and members of Congress makes the following exhibit:

The plea that larger salaries are necessary to enable the President and members of Congress to live respectably in Washington is not true. No other President has "asked for more." Mr. Lincoln saved half his salary, and that, too, when gold was 200 and over. And yet the allowances, "incidentals," and "contingencies" were far less liberal than for the present occupant of the White House. The following appropriations, made in 1864 and in 1873, are, I believe, fair examples, and may be regarded as a pretty fair sample of our rapid growth in extravagant expenditures of late:

For Lincoln 1864.		*For Grant*, 1873	
For Secretary to sign patents	$1,500	For Secretary to sign patents	$1,500
For private sec'ry, steward and Messenger	4,600	For private secretary assistants secretary, steward, messenger, and two executive clerks	13,800
For contingent expenses of Executive office	2,000	For contingent expenses of executive office	6,000
For two night watchman	1,200	For one watchman and two Policemen	3,540
For one furnace keeper	600	For two door keepers and one usher	3,600
For Fuel	2,400	For one furnace keeper	720
For repairs of house and furniture for improving grounds purchase of plants, and all contingencies	6,000	For fuel	5,000
For repairing summer residence at "Old Soldiers' Home	3,000	For 'annual' repairs of house and furniture, and for repairs, &c., of "Green House."	35,000
Tot'l Lincoln	$22,500	Total Grant	$69,160

Besides various officers of the army, Brigadier Generals, &c,

It cannot be claimed that the labors of the Executive office are greater now than during the last year of the war, or its responsibilities overwhelming. Then our President could never find time or respite from the constant labors and terribly wearying cares of his office to get further away than the "Old Soldiers' Home," whither, during the hot season, with throb'bing head and aching heart, late in the day he would ride in search of a little rest in its cool retreat.

A member of the Ohio Legislature has found an amendment to the Constitution proposed by Mr. Madison in 1789, but never ratified by a sufficient number of States to become a law. It has a special significance at the present time and is as follows:

"Article Second.—No law varying the compensation for the services of the Senators and Representatives shall take effect until an election of Representatives shall have intervened." When the amendment was offered there were only 12 States in the Union, and consequently the ratification of nine was sufficient to make it a law. It never received but eight, and it is proposed that enough more States ratify it now, and thus put a stop to future salary grabs. It is an interesting question whether the action of those eight States still holds good, and if the amendment may still be acted upon, since the Constitution names no limit for the ratification of a proposed amendment.

Oakes Ames died last week. His funeral took place on 11th, at North Easton, Mass, and was very largely attended.

Kellogg Wants to Go Home.

The Picayune has the following: After the crack of the whip, or the pistol shot, or whatever it was that frightened Kellogg last evening, he jumped into his carriage and was driven at a furious rate to the St. Charles hotel. Kellogg got out and in a very nervous manner, as pale as a ghost, and enquired for Mr. Bob River, proprietor of the hotel. When he came Kellogg seized him by the arm in a very excited manner, and hurried him into Rivers' back office. His first words were: Mr. Rivers, I am in great trouble.

Mr. Rivers.—What is the trouble.

Kellogg—I have been shot at. I don't know what I have done to this people that they should desire to take my life. What shall I do? What shall I do? clasping his hands in his extreme agitation. Mr. Rivers—I'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would pack up my trunk and leave the city at once. The people don't want you here.

Kellogg asked—How can I get away with safety? I have tried to do my best for this people. Why should they desire to kill me?

Mr. Rivers—No, Governor, you have not done your best. You have deceived every man who has placed any confidence in your word.

You promised several gentlemen in my presence that if ever you became Governor you would not commission that negro Brown as Superintendent of Public Education, and you had not been in office twelve minutes before you had commissioned him, besides, you ought to know best yourself whether you were elected Governor or not, but you must be satisfied now that you are not, even the choice of the negro, and every white man in the State redubiates you.

Property Exempted from Taxation.

The bill on this subject, which has passed both Houses of the Legislature, exempts the following property:

All churches, meeting-houses, or other regular places of stated religious worship, with ten acres of land annexed thereto.

All universities, academies and school-houses belonging to any county, borough or school district, or incorporated, erected endowed or established by virtue of any law of this State, with ten acres of land annexed thereto.

All court houses and jails.

All parsonages owned by any church or religious society, with five acres of land attached thereto.

All burial grounds belonging to any religious congregation.

All burial lots belonging to any person or family.

All lands and premises belonging to cemetry companies, where the revenues are used solely to improve such lands and premises.

All lunatic asylums, almshouses, poor-houses, houses of refuge and penitentiaries, with lands attached to the same.

All asylums, schools and hospitals, with the lands attached to the same, where the same are supported by State appropriations.

All charitable institutions and lands attached thereto, whose chief revenues are from voluntary contributions.

The repealing clause subjects all classes of property not covered by these descriptions to general taxation.

Suffocated in a Limekiln.

Two Men Suffocated—One Losses His Life in an Attempt to Save the Other—Narrow Escape of a Third Man who Attempted a rescue.

Last evening between six and seven o'clock occurred one of those fatal accidents which from time to time startle the community and which occasionally recall the native heroism of unpretending men, who, in a moment of peril to their fellow creatures, are ready to risk their own lives to save others.

The scene of the fatal disaster was Mr. Lichtenwallner's limekiln, situated on what is known as the Bath road, about half a mile of Nazareth. The lime kiln has been in operation for some time past, but it was found on Sunday, that as often happens, the fire was choked and there was no draft through the kiln. Mr. Lichtenwallner, assisted by a man named Haldeman, undertook to remedy this defect, and accordingly, provided with an iron rod, he mounted the top of the kiln and reached down to still the lime, etc. While in the act of doing this he was overcome by the sulphurous fumes arising from the lime, and, to the horror of his companion, pitched headforemost into the kiln. Haldeman now made a brave effort to rescue Mr. Lichtenwallner, and in doing so sacrificed his own life.

He reached far down into the kiln, endeavoring, if possible, to render his unfortunate companion some assistance, and for a few moments strained with frantic eagerness to take hold of him. Suddenly he was overcome by the noxious vapor, and while in the act of reaching, his grasp relaxed and he fell senseless into the kiln. Theodore Walter had happened to be passing the kiln and was near it at the time of the accident. The actions of Haldemen attracted his attention, and when he saw him disappear he quickly ran to the top of the kiln, procured a ladder, and without a moment's hesitation started to go down. He actually reached Mr. Lichtenwallner and had raised him half way up on the ladder, when, to save his own life, he was compelled to drop the body, and make make his difficult way to the pure air. Passers along the road were attracted to the kiln, and soon the news spread far and wide, and a large number of people gathered. The bodies of Lichtenwallner and Haldeman were recovered, and medical aid was summoned. Dr. Philip Walter, of Nazareth, did everything in his power to restore animation, but without effect.—*Lehigh Valley News.*

Salmon P. Chase.

DEATH OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

New York, May 7.—Chief Justice Chase died at ten o'clock this morning from an attack of apoplexy. He was in unusually good health and spirits, and continued so during Sunday and Monday.

On Tuesday morning before rising he was stricken with paralysis, and remained unconscious untill this morning at ten o'clock, when he peacefully died surrounded by his screwing relatives.

Chief Justice Chase left Washington last week for New York and Boston. He expected to remain in the latter city two or three weeks and then return to go to Washington and after a short stay there to go to Colorado, where he proposed to locate for the summer, with a view to the restoration of his health by the pure and bracing air of the mountain region.

Is there any Cure

It is most encouraging to see men of high character and distinguished abilities taking hold of the greatest public question of the day and seeking in earnest to find a remedy for the moral pestilence tha tnow rages among us.

On Sunday evening President Woolsey, of Yale College, a man of venerable years and most eminent authority, opened the forty-seventh anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society with a sermon at the Tabernacle in this city, a brief report to which graces the columns of yesterday's Tribune. "Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gosple." was his text; and appealing for liberal aid to heme missions, and especially to those in the West, he plainly declared that the promulgation of the gospel among the pioneers and settlers of the border, and the building up of Christian churches there, were matters of indispensable public duty. "Failing to do such a work" he said, "would be a woe in that the surest method of thwarting national corruption would thus be ignored.

During the war there was such earnestness, and prayer, and heroism that the whole nation was lifted to a higher tone and it seemed as if, with victory, a noble career was open to the land. But, now that twice the years of the war had passed there was such corruption as had never been seen in the nation's history. Corruption of public officials; corruption in the party which was foremost in loyalty during the war; alliance for party ends with men of known want of principle; a feverish thirst for speculation; an era of crime; a weakening of family feeling and purity—these things were most ominous, and especially since they were demoralizing in their influence on the best of men."

All good men will cordially thank President Woolsey for these words of warning which are at the same time words of encouragement. It is a great thing that such citizens as he conservative, dignified and able, should perceive the evils that beset the country, and should understand and tell us that it is not by silence respecting them, or by treacherous and plausible palliation, that the republic can be preserved.

What it Really Amounts To.

The extra pay voted by the last Congress to the President and the members of the two houses amounts to $900,000 a year. This sum is equal to five per cent. interest on eighteen millions of dollars, and thus eighteen millions is the exact aggregate represented by this robbery.

If the President and Congress had put their hands into the treasury and stolen eighteen millions of dollars outright, and there made an end of it, the transaction would be precisely equivalent to what they have now done. They have not taken eighteen millions in gross, but they have taken the interest on that sum, and left the matter in such a shape that it will be taken every year to the end of time unless the thieving law is repealed.

What the members of Congress have done is not merely to filch the beggarly sum of $5,000 apiece; and what the President has done is not merely to filch his $25,000 a year for four years. They have done this, and they have done more. They have virtually run the nation in dept to the tune of eighteen millions. In order that they might grab their miserable thousands for themselves they have added this great load to the enormous burdens of the people.

Is not eighteen millions too dear a price to pay for such a Congress and such a President?

The Polaris.

FAILURE OF THE LAST ARTIC EXPEDITION.

Death of Captain Hall.—Nineteen Survivors Rescued from an Iceberg.—Statement of Capt. Tyson—Adventures of the Party.

The United States Consul's Dispatch

Washington, May 10.—The following dispacth has just been received, dated St. Johns, May 8—To the Secretary of State, Washington City—I have just returned from Bay Roberts. Captain Tyson reports having reached north latitude eighty-two degrees sixteen minutes. He reached winter quarters in September, 1871, in latitude eighty-one degrees thirty-eight minutes, longitude sixty-one degrees forty four minutes. Captain Hall died of apoplexy on the 8th of October, 1871. He was buried about half a mile southeast of the ship's quarters. He crossed Kane's Polar Sea. It is said to be a strait about fourteen miles wide with the appearance of open water north. He left winter quarters on August 17, 1872. The vessel got on her beam ends on the 15th of the same month; from thence she drove south to latitude seventy-seven degrees thirty-five minutes, when the ship, owing to the heavy pressure of the ice, broke away from her moorings, and the part of the crew now here were drifted away south. The vessel was last seen under steam and canvas, making for a harbor on the east side of Northumberland island. The Polaris is without boats. She lost two in a northern expedition, two were landed on the ice with Captain Tyson, one was burnt to make water for the crew and the other is now in Bay Roberts. The crew lost the vessel on the 15th of Oct., 1872. They were picked up last April by the Tigress, in latitude fifty-three degrees, thirty minutes, having been one hundred and ninety seven days on the ice. No lives were lost. When last on board she made no more water than during the past winter and fall, but had received heavy injury to her stern, causing her to leak badly.

The crew have lived on a few ounces of bread daily, and latterly on raw seal, eating the skins, entrails and all, for the past two months, and all are in good health. Captain Tyson does not expect that the Polaris will get clear before July, if in a condition to come here. There were 14 left on board, with plenty of provisions, and if the vessel be not fit to come home they can easily construct boats for their safety. All have been provided for in Bay Robert and will come here on Monday.

Terrible Affair in Kansas—Double Murder, Rape and Suicide—Cowardice of the Neighbors.

Atchison, Kansas, May 11.—James Erickson was arrested at Wetmore, forty miles from here, some time ago, for an alleged attempt at rape on the wife of one Marquette, and was acquitted. He returned to Wetmore on Friday, and on Saturday he went to Marquette's house and when the latter came to the door shot him dead. He then took Marquette's two small children to a neighbor's house and left them, saying he had killed their father and was going back to kill their mother. An alarm was given, but the neighbors feared to enter the house until they were reinforced. Upon entering they found Mrs. Marquette lying on a bed in a nude state dead, shot in seven places. Erickson was lying across the body, also dead. It appears that he had ravished the woman before killing her, and then killed himself.

Terrible Railroad Accident in Austria—Sixty Persons Killed or Wounded.

Vienna, May 7.—A dispatch from Pesth brings intelligence of a shocking railway accident near that city. Twenty-one persons are reported to have been killed outright and forty injured, some of whom are not expected to recover from their wounds. Six of the carriages attached to the train were completely demolished.

Sumner's Divorce Suit Ends in His Favor.

Boston May 19.—By arrangement, the libel for divorce filed by Hon. Charles Sumner against his wife, on the ground of desertion, came up for a hearing in the Supreme Court to-day. L. P. Batch appeared as counsel for Sumner, and Sidney Bartlett and J. K. Lathrop for Mrs. Sumner Neither libelee nor libellant were present, and after hearing one witness Judge Colt decided a divorce to Mr. Sumner, on the ground above stated.

Latest from the Modocs.

San Francisco, May 10.—A dispatch from Yreka states that the Modocs are known to be out of the lava beds and fleeing toward the Lake country and the Warm Spring Indians and several scouting parties are in close pursuit. Six men from Yreka are on the trail of bogus Charley.

Fight with the Modocs.

San Francisco, May 15.—A courier arrived from Yreka at 9 A. M. to-day with the news of a battle. Hasbrouck's command repulsed the Modoc Indians. No particulars yet

Death of Hon. James L. Orr.

St. Petersburg, May 9.—Hon. James L. Orr, United States minister to Russia, died suddenly last night at his residence in this city. The cause of his death was inflammation of the lungs, from which he had suffered but a short time. His unexpected death has caused a general feeling of sorrow at the Russian court.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

Boston, May 7.—The trial of Rev. Kenneth Campbell before the Norfolk county superior court, on complaint of Miss Howell, charging him with being the father of her illegitimate child, has resulted in a verdict of guilty.

The Emperor William, of Austria, was shot at in St. Petersburg, a few days ago, by a priest. The ball went through his helmet and wounded a lieutenant.

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The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life in prison; Stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through Sewers and Catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

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July 19tf.

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IRON,
NAILS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
VARNISHES,
GLASS AND PUTTY,

also a full line of Wallpapers and Borders The Store will be in the charge of his clever and obliging clerk James Montgomery. Centre County, Farmers, Mechanics and others call and examine goods, and compare prices—Jim is a clever fellow and will do all in his power to accommodate you

ALSO:

Do not forget

THE OLD STAND AT MILROY,

where you will always find a full Stock to select from and prices to Suit the times. Being very thankful for the patronage and many favors shown me by my Centre county friends, I still solicit their patronage and I will guarantee to give satisfaction in every way—Goods will sold very close for cash. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

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New Firm—New Enterprse.

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We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

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MONUMENTS,
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of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

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every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All kinds of parlor stoves. We are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or on short credit—not to exceed three months. Call and see us, as we take pleasure in showing our goods.

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Gift & Flory's New Shoe Store!

AT CENTRE HALL.

They have now opened, and will constantly keep on hand, a splendid stock of new SHOES, GAITERS, & SLIPPERS, for men, women and children, from the best manufactories in the country, and now offered at the

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BOOTS and SHOES made to order, upon short notice. They invite the people of this vicinity to give them a call, as they will strive to merit a share of their patronage. my10tf

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAY 15, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE.—A lot of ground, at Potter's Mills, thereon erected a two-story dwelling House, with good Wagonmaker Shop, a good Stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered at private sale, on reasonable terms. There is a well of never failing water, with pump, near the door. For further particulars apply to Mrs. KATE SHAFER,
17apr3m Potters Mills.

—LIME!—Mr. George Koch has taken charge of the Lime kiln, near Centre Hall and will constantly keep on hand a good quality of Lime Mr. Koch can be found at the kiln at any time in the forenoon of each day, to wait upon customers. my15

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Miss Lucy Deininger, who has opened a new millinery store here. We have seen her stock, and it is very pretty. Give her a call.

—D. G. Bush is organizing a colony to go to North Carolina, where he has made large investments. He gives glowing accounts of fine chances down there.

—The death of Mr. M'Allister leaves Mr. James M'Manus as the only surviving member of the "old Centre county bar," who is still practicing at Bellefonte, and who was the senior of them all. The "old bar" was famous throughout the state for the legal talent it contained, and it was a credit to our county. Few other counties could boast of as many able lawyers twenty years ago as were then belonging to the bar of this county—there was M'Manus, Burnside, Hale, M'Allister, Curtin, and Linn, all men who graced the profession and made the Centre county bar famous throughout the state. Of these Burnside, Hale and M'Allister have gone to render an account at the bar before the Eternal Judge; Gov. Curtin has quit practicing; Judge Linn has removed, while the nestor of the old bar, Hon. James M'Manus, still continues to practice at the same place, though his years now number many, yet his intellect is still fresh and vigorous.

—The house and lot occupied by S Werking, in this place, was sold last week to Mr. John Miller, of Spring Mills, who intends becoming a citizen of our town.

—If you wish good music, buy a Ryndor organ.

—Mr. John Lee, of this place, informs us that he measured all the snows that fell the past winter, excepting those under ½ inch in depth, and finds the total to be 8 feet and 7 inches. The number of snows thus measured was 33, making an average of a little over 3 inches.

—Mr. Robison has sold the Hecla furnace property, near Hublersburg, to a party from Tyrone, for $25,000.

—Rev. Edwin W. Rice, of Philadelphia, author of the Intermediate Lesson Papers, has promised to attend the County S. S. Convention to be held in Boalsburg, which opens on Tuesday evening and continues in session until Thursday evening, May 27 to 29.

—A lot of 30 inch shingles, 1600, sitting in the woods a short distance south of Aaronsburg, were borrowed without the permission of the owner, Mr. Wm. Harter. Who is the thief?

—Hickernel, the shad man, went for the Tutens the other week. Old Nick the bad man, will go for them next.

—A new Sabbath school was organized at Manor, (Whiskey Hollow), under the most favorable auspices—Leonard Rhone is Sup't, Mr. Dubs assis't, Ephraim Keller librarian, George Boal treasurer.

—Aaronsburg, with a population of near 500, has 38 widows, and Hartleton with a population of about 400, has 33 old maids. Those mourn good husbands that now are not;
These fret o'er men they never got.

—Early Swarm of Bees.—On Saturday, 10 inst., John T. Ross was very agreeably surprised to find a swarm of bees on his shrubery in his yard.
"A swarm of bees in May,
Is worth a load of hay."

—We learn that Mr. Abs. Harter had an insurance of $1100 on his property recently destroyed by fire.

Daniel Irwin's store, at Julian Furnace was robbed on the night of the 30 of April; the thieves, supposed to be two or three in number, entered the store in a very ingenious manner. The passage was made through the cellar. An augur hole was bored through the cellar door, just over the bolt that fastened it from within, and the bolt was easily drawn back and the door opened. They then proceded to the store room, and from appearances, very deliberately selected what they wanted. They took all his stock of ready-made clothing, valued at about $300, two large webs of cassimere and one web of "jean" goods, about $25 worth of hats, and a few pair of shoes. The whole amount taken is valued by Mr. Irwin at $500. Nothing was disturbed but what was carried off and nothing of the robbery was noticed until Mr Irwin entered the store about six o'clock the next morning. No clue was left by the robbers.

—A friend furnishes the following items for the Reporter:

Our brick-makers meet with much loss of time on account of the recent wet weather.

The Millersville State Normal reports over 700 students this session. We expect some less in our Centre county Normal after harvest.

Our town is almost deficient of pavements, but we are proud of our beautiful yards which are filled with the most beautiful flower beds.

—The following is a list of prosecutions at the recent April sessions:

Commonwealth vs Jacob Haldeman, malicious mischief; acquitted on account of insanity and sent to insane asylum at Danville.

William Foust, assault with intent to commit a rape; bill ignoramus.

H. S. Thompson, selling liquor without license; acquitted.

Philip Gatas, selling liquor without license; bill ignoramus.

R. P. Craig, selling liquor without license; bill ignoramus.

George Fravel, assault and battery; bill ignoramus.

Zack Fetterman, assault and battery; bill ignoramus.

John Delige, assault and battery; plead guilty.

James Holt, disturbing a religious meeting; acquitted.

Wm Brown, larceny; plead guilty.

John M. Shriver, larceny; convicted.

Thomas M'Cafferty, malicious mischief; plead guilty.

Joseph Hawkins, selling liquor to minors; plead guilty.

Geo. Dony, larceny; settled with leave of court.

Wm Atherton, assault and battery; settled with leave of court.

Harriet Mills, assault and battery; settled with leave of court.

O. Cabello and W. H. Ammerman, larceny; settled with leave of court.

Frank Kane, assaulting a police officer; plead guilty.

John Fatigan, selling liquor to minors; plead guilty.

John Fredricks, surety of the peace; acquitted.

James W. Rodgers, selling liquor without license; true bill.

Malinda Rogers, selling liquor without license; true bill.

George Mills, assault and battery; settled with leave of court.

James W. Rogers, keeping a gambling house; true bill.

This batch of commonwealth cases, as usual, we suppose has entailed a big bill of costs upon the county, and we are pleased to note, that, so far as we know, not one of them comes from this side.

POWERS AND DUTIES OF CONSTABLES.

Judge Ross, of Montgomery county, recently defined the power and duties of constables. As the law in relation to these officers is the same throughout the state, its publication may be of general interest.

The office of a constable is one possessing at common law large powers and vested with the performance of duties which are gravely important to good order, and good morals, peace and decorum of the community.

His first and general duty is to keep the peace, and for this purpose he may take into custody, and may commit to jail, and even break open the doors of houses—in fact no act of authority, which is not of itself illegal, may not be lawfully done by a constable to prevent a breach of the peace. 1 Chitty,s C. L. 20 to 26. 1 Blac. Com. 366. If there is a reasonable ground for suspicion he may arrest without a warrent, and hold the offender for examination but his action in this regard is at his own peril—for he may not make an arrest unless the facts and circumstances would justify a prudent man in assuming that the grounds of suspicion were reasonable—that is, exhibited probable cause to believe that a felony had been committed. 3 W. & S. 309.

He has the further power to arrest, without warrant, for a breach of the peace committed in his presence, after he has made such an arrest he may conduct the person to jail, and the jailor must recieve him to be detained in custody untill an examination may be had without unnecessary delay. S.& R.47.

His most responsible, and too often his most neglected duty, is to return to the Court at each and every session such offenses into which the Court has power to inquire, try and punish. This function makes him the inspector of his bailiwick—the informant of the Court, and the means of repressing crime. This last duty is to be performed under the sanction of an oath—and may be made the basis of a bench warrant and arrest.

If it be performed with fidelity an examination of the constables' returns would at once inform the court of the moral condition of the county, and few offenses would go unpunished.

Those are common law powers and duties which are attached to the office, and a failure to perform them or any of them is misdemeanor in office, which could and would be punished by this court upon conviction had.

But the Legislature has enlarged and particularly specified some of these official powers and duties.

One of the statutes required that constables should search public houses and places suspected of entertaining tiplers on Sunday, and compel them to disperse quietly.

By various statutes enacted at various times, the constable is required to make a return under oath as to whether offenses against the game or fishing laws have been committed in his bailiwick; whether any bastard children have been born therein together with their sex and names of their mothers; whether there are tippling houses—that is, unlicensed houses for the illegal sale of liquors—or licensed houses that violate the conditions of their license—and whether there are any common, ill-governed disorderly houses, houses of prostitution or gambling houses. The constable must further return, whether the indexboards are placed and maintained at the junction roads—whether there were breaches of the peace at the election, and the names of the offenders—whether within his knowledge there was wagering upon the election, and the names of the better, and whether there were frauds upon the election.

All these returns must be made under oath and if such offenses exist and be not returned, the constable knewing of their existence, is guilty of a misdemeanor in office.

On Saturday evening last, says the Selinsgrove Times, a serious affray occurred in this place, the facts of which are about as follows: Kemer Fisher had gone from home on pretence of being absent several weeks, but, unexpectedly to his wife, he returned late on Saturday evening, when he took her and S.P. Wenrich by surprise.

He shot at Wenrich, the ball grazing his face, after which they clinched. Wenrich, used a knife and made several extended cuts across Fisher's back, cutting his clothes and also cutting him in the side and under the chin, and finally made his escape without hat or boots. He went to a neighbor's and borrowed a hat and boots and then went to a Justice and asked to be bound over, his brother becoming his security. On Tuesday, however, he was taken to Middleburg and lodged in jail.

NOTICE!—H. D. VAN PELT & CO. are building a few FIRST CLASS REAPERS and MOWERS, for this season's trade, which they warrant in every respect equal and in some respects superior to any Machine offered in this market, and which they propose to SELL for a little LESS MONEY than any other Machines are sold at. Persons wishing GOOD MACHINES, with the advantages of any repairs handy at home, will do well to examine our Machines before purchasing foreign ones. We will put them all out on trial. 15may2m

Governor Hartranft has signed the bill for the propagation and preservation of fish in the rivers and streams of this State.

Three Commissioners will now be appointed by the Governor, whose duty it will be to establish a hatching-house, see that fish ladders are placed in dams that block the passage of fish up rivers to their spawning grounds, introduce proper kinds of fish in proper localities, and in general superintend the whole matter of increasing the quantity of fish in the rivers of Pennsylvania. These are important duties, and great care should be taken in selecting the Commissioners to perform them. No man should be thought of or mentioned who has not made this matter a special study.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRE HALL WATER CO.—The Stockholders of the above Corporation are requested to meet at the lower school room, on Thursday evening, June 15th, at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of adopting such new By-laws and making such alterations in present ones as may be deemed necessary. A full attendance is requested. F. KURTZ, Pres't,
WM. WOLF, Sec'y. ma15,4t

SUDDEN DEATH.—Dr. J. C. Norris, a well known physician, recently of Salona, died very suddenly at the Clearfield House in this city, at about six o'clock last Monday evening, of apoplexy. He was apparently in usual health half an hour before his death, and urged a friend to accept a cigar. He went into the upper hall, where in a few minutes he was heard to fall; and though several physicians were promptly on hand, no relief could be afforded, death ensuing in about twenty minutes. The Doctor had a beautiful wife and child, to whom he was strongly attached, but his unfortunate habits had estranged them from him, and the separation seemed to make him reckless and indifferent to life. He was a well educated and skillful physician, and once enjoyed a lucrative practice. He was moreover, generous, warm-hearted, and true in his attachments, and these dualities added to a uniform courtesy won him many friends, who sincerely lament his untimely death. His age was about thirty-six years.—Lock Haven Republ.

Death of Mr. McAllister in the Constitutional Convention.

Philadelphia, May 6.—The minutes of yesterday were read and approved.

Ex-Governor Curtin then rose and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That with the most unfeigned sorrow we learn the death of the Hon. Hugh Nelson McAllister, a member of this convention, who enjoyed the highest measure of respect for his learning and ability and esteem for his virtues.

Resolved, That his death deprives this convention of one of its most enlightened and industrious members; the commonwealth of one of our most public spirited and useful citizens; the the community in which he lived of a man whose indomitable energy, inflexible integrity and spotless moral character attracted to him the confidence and affection of all who knew him, and his family of a kind and devoted husband and father.

Resolved, That we do most heartily offer to the members of his bereaved family the homage of our sympathy and condolence in this the time of deep distress.

Resolved, That in respect for the memory of our departed colleague the president is requested to appoint a committee of delegates to attend his funeral at Bellefonte on Thursday next.

Resolved, That the clerk be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Governor Curtin then proceeded to give a sketch of the life of Mr. McAllister, and depicted his many excellencies of character; his public spirit; his conscientionsness in the practice of his profession as a lawyer; his devotion to his family and the beauties of his christian life, which the governor said surmounted as a crown of glory the many virtues which made the name and character of Mr. M'Allister an example for the emulation of the young men of Pennsylvania now and hereafter.

Ex-Governor Bigler followed, and spoke warmly and with much feeling of the deceased, who had been for years his personal friend.

Mr. Alricks paid a just tribute to the memory of Mr. M'Allister, who had long been his friend and frequently associated with him in cases of great importance before our courts.

Mr. Armstrong delivered a most beautiful and touching addres in which he referred to the many virtues and adornments of mind which marked the character and life of the illustrious deceased.

Judge Woodward esteemed Mr. McAllister in life as a lawyer whose faithfulness to his clients and whose integrity in every buisness in which he was engaged were above suspicion.

Mr. Stanton said: In the death of our much honored and esteemed colleague, the Hon. Hugh N. McAllister, of Bellefonte, our convention has lost a most useful member. It has cast a gloom over our proceedings which time alone can dispel. Few men ever gaind more friends in so brief a period as did this gentleman while in our midst.

Mr. Carter spoke of the enterprise of the deceased, and eulogized his character.

Messrs. Andrew Reed, John M. Bailey, Harry White, Joseph G. Patton, General Lilly, Andrew A. Purman, J. Alexander Simpson, W. H. Smith, Frank Mantor and Thomas E. Cochran made brief addresses all bearing upon the worth of the lamented dead, and the loss which has fallen upon the convention and the commonwealth.

The resolutions were then adopted.

Mr. Buckalew, from the committee on suffrage, election and representation, presented a series of resolutions respecting their deceased chairman, M'Allister, which were orderd to be entred on the minutes.

COURT RULINGS.—A lad named William Brown, for sundry misdemeanors, among them larceny of stamps from the law office of Hoy & Hale, was sentenced to a term in in the House of Refuge.

John W. Shriver, a quack doctor of this place, had a hearing on last Wednesday. The evidence showed that the Esculapian gentleman stole twelve dollars from a young friend. The doctor claimed that he only took the money in payment for treatment of a venereal disease, but the facts presented a different aspect to the eyes of the court, and Shriver was found guilty of larceny. Sentence deferred.

Joseph Hawkins alias "Hoxie" who, for some time has been chief chemist under "Strychnine Corner," was indicted for the following offenses: Selling liquor with out license, to minors, to persons of intemperate habits and on Sunday. "Hoxie's" saloon, the "Dew Drop Inn," has been but one remove from Pandemonium for months past, and the Judge closed the establishment by sending the offender to jail for twenty days, and fining him fifty dollars.

John Fatigan paid a fine of ten dollars and is spending a month in Fort Shaffer for nothing more than selling liquor to minors.—Tuten Republican.

LEVI MURRAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Love, late of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
ELIZ. H. LOVE.
OLIVER K. LOVE.
may 15 6t Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS AND AUDITORS OF POTTER TWP.—School Directors and Auditors of Potter township are hereby notified to meet at the Old Fort, on the first Monday of June, being the second day of the month, at nine o'clock A. M., to settle and audit the accounts of the Treasurer of School Board. The newly elected Directors will meet on the same day, and at the same place to organize new board.
PETER HOFFER,
W. W. ROYER, *President.*
Sec'y.

ORPHANS COURT SALE!!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, JUNE 10th, next, at 2 o'cl'k

VALUABLE FARM OF 220 ACRES!

known as the property of Henry Rothrock, Sr., deceased, situated about three miles east of Bellefonte. Every foot of this property is tillable and under fence.

170 ACRES are Cleared, and in good state of cultivation. The balance consists of Fifty Acres of

ORIGINAL PINE AND OAK TIMBER

Upon the property are beds of iron ore, cement and limestone. It will be sold in two or three parts if desired, and private bids will be received until the day of sale.

Terms of Sale: One-third to remain in the premises as dowry according to the will of the deceased; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

NANCY A. ROTHROCK,
may8 JOHN HOFFER.

The War In Louisiana.—Latest From St. Martinsville.—The Kellogg Men Hemmed In.—Three Metropolitans Killed.—Bloody Work In Prospective.

Brasacar City, La., May 7.—Eight metropolitans arrived this morning, making forty-five whites altogether. The citizens refused them all shelter, and they are stopping in a small negro cabin filled with negroes. They have orders to go to St. Martinsville, but can get no transportation. The Ferry flat here has been removed and the fish boats stopped near Franklin and guarded by citizens.

The citizens here are still determined. All is quiet.

One mentropolitan has just arrived here from St. Martinsvlle. He came through swamps, and has sent dispatches to New Orleans. He says Badger is hemmed in, and heard heavy cannonading this morning at two a. m.

New Orleans, May 7 — One A .M. —Fireing was heard this morning. A courier from the citizens' camp reports three metropolitans killed and four wounded in the skirmish. The citizens pickets advanced within two squares of the court house, where Col. Badger has concentrated his forces.

Citizens are collecting from every portion of Attakapas. Most of the recruits are of the better class, well mounted, and generally armed with breech-loading shot guns. So far the young men principally have gone to the field. The married men in the towns are watching the negro organizations, and are preparing to frustrate them.

The captains of steamboats have been warned not to transport any metropolitans, and consequently did not bring those at Bayou city, knowing that their boats would be blown up. The entire Bayou Teche is under surveillance by well organized bodies of citizens.

The Kellogg troops can only reach St. Martinsville by fighting their way up the boyou.

The grand jury has passed resolutions to have Kellogg and his officers appear before them on a charge of usurping the government of Louisiana. Judge Durrell ordered the report to be filed and snepenas to be issued for the parties to appear before the grand jury.

DEATHS.

On 14th inst., at Centre Hall, of Phthisis Pulmonolis, Maggie, daughter of John and Mollie Miller, aged 4 years,—months, and —days.

Christ, in his allwise Providence, was pleased to call this, our little sister, to rest. Surely sorrow overshadows the hearts of the bereaved parents and friends with whom she had to part. For intelligence considering her age, she had few superiors. During her illnes, which lasted about nine weeks, she suffered terribly. We must, with sorrow in our hearts, say she is gone. But again when we think that Christ has said, suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, then we can rejoice with hope that she has gone asleep in Christ. She has gone to her home in glory, where she is enjoying the kingdom prepared for her, asleep in Jesus blessed sleep from which none ever waked to weep. VAL.

On 25 of April, at Potters Mills, of spinal disease, James David, son of David M. Henney, aged 13 years, 9 months and 28 days.

On 18 April, at Potters Mills, Rachael, wife of Henry Crawford.

On 9th inst., near Churchville, David Yorden, aged 38 years, 1 month and 14 days.

On 29 April, in Gregg twp., Rosanna, daughter of Daniel B. Weaver.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's mother, in Milesburg, May 7th, by Rev. G. W. Snyder, Mr. Theodore P. Ryndor, of Lock Haven, and Miss C. Ellen Lee, of Milesburg

And the happy couple remembered the printer amid the sweets of matrimonial bliss—may their pathway through life be a long one and an evergreen of happiness. May thgir union ever have the blessings of Him who maketh marriages in Heaven.

On 7th of April, by Rev. J. S. Roberts, John C. Rote, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Mattie A. Boalich, of Spring twp.

Spring Opening of Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at MISS LUCY DEININGER'S

In Centre Hall, who just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of New Bonnets, New Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. may15.4t.

5th OF JUNE,

will certainly come off the
Miners' Hospital Grand Gift Concert,
AND
$100,000 DISTRIBUTION.

No Postponement Under any Circumstances but will Positively Take Place.
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS,
AND AS
THOUSANDS OF TICKETS
are being sold daily. YOU MAY BE TOO LATE unless you purchase at once.

YOUR MONEY GIVEN
to this cause assists in establishing a noble charity, while you participate in a distribution of PRESENTS in which YOU may be LUCKY individual.

One Ticket	$1 00
Five Tickets	4 50
Ten Tickets	9 00

Address,
GEO. R. SHAFFER,
Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

Wages FOR ALL WHO ARE Willing to Work. Any person, old or young, of either sex, can make from $10 to $50 per week, at home day or evening. Wanted by all. Suitable to either City or Country, and any season of the year. This is a rare opportunity for those who are out of work, and out of money, to make an independent living. No capital being required. Our pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE A LIVING," giving full instructions, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address, A. BURTON & CO., Morrisania, Westchester Co, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell our new and novel Embroidering Machine, send for Illustrated Circular, to the McKee Manufacturing Company, 309 Broadway, New York.

THE PARLOR COMPANION.
Every Lady wants one!
Every Man ought to have one!
Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address, L. F. HYDE & CO., 156 Seventh Avenue, New York.

BON-TON FLIRTATION SIGNALS.
Sent on receipt of 25 cts. Unique Printing and Publishing House, 36 Vesey street, New York.

THE BECK WITH $20 PORTABLE Family Sewing Machine, on 30 days Trial; many advantages over all. Satisfaction guaranteed, or $20 refunded. Sent complete, with full directions. Beckwith Sewing Machine Co., 862 Broadway, N.Y.

THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS—An important invention. It retains the Rupture at all times and under the hardest exercise or severest strain. It is worn with comfort, and if kept on night and day, effects a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap, and sent by Mail when requested, circulars free, when ordered by letter, sent to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City. Nobody uses Metal Spring Trusses too painful; they slip off too frequently. 1may, eow

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT
List of dealers of foreign and domestic merchandise, etc., in Centre county for the year ending 1873, subject to payment of license.

	Class.	License.
Boggs twp.		
Jas J Lucas	14	$ 7 75
Jas W Rodgers	14	7 75
McCoy & Linn	13	10 75
Benner twp.		
Lewis Hass	11	15 75
J B Kephart	14	7 75
A Bieser, Distillery	11	15 75
Burnside twp.		
G R Boak	13	10 75
Curtin twp.		
Weber & Singer	14	7 75
Jacob McCloskey	14	7 75
Ferguson Twp.		
M C Rider	14	7 75
Shrob, Steward & Co	10	20 75
Thos Bollinger	13	10 75
W L Rider	14	7 75
A Sample & Son	12	13 25
Jas Dunlap & Co	13	10 75
J R Smith	14	7 75
Gregg twp.		
Philip Snook	14	7 75
J B Fisher	12	13 25
R H Duncan	13	10 75
Howard Boro'		
Lucas & Bro	14	7 75
H B Grove	14	7 75
Balser Weber	12	13 25
Jas McHaffey	14	7 75
Robert Cook	13	10 75
Jenkins & Weber	14	7 75
John Wagner	14	7 75
John Diehl	14	7 75
Wm Neff	14	7 75
L C Palmer	14	7 75
Mrs Allison	14	7 75
S F Kline	14	7 75
Howard twp.		
R C Leather	14	7 75
Haines Twp.		
David Williams	14	7 75
Thos Harper	14	7 75
Philip Gorss	14	7 75
B F Philips	12	13 25
M M Musser	13	10 75
S Spiglemeyer & Sons	11	15 75
Huston twp.		
Joseph F Miller	13	10 75
Hoover & Davis	12	13 25
R W Richards	14	7 75
John I Thompson	13	10 75
Levi Womer	14	7 75
Daniel Irvin	13	10 75
Harris twp.		
J J Price	14	7 75
John From	14	7 75
J C Shenceberger	14	7 75
Geo Jack & Son	14	7 75
S H Stover	13	10 75
Daniel Hess	13	10 75
Kramer & Eckenroth	12	13 25
F Taylor	13	10 75
C H Kephard	13	10 75
Mrs. A E Jack	14	7 75
Jno A Kennedy	14	7 75
Cyrus Wasson	14	7 75
J & L Houser	14	7 75
Half Moon twp.		
J B Grey	12	13 25
Henry Adams	14	7 75
James Love	13	10 75
Liberty twp.		
J A Quigley	13	10 75
J J & D B Kuns	13	10 75
Ligget & Delong	14	7 75
Milesburg Borough.		
J S Proudfoot	14	7 75
A T Briggs	14	7 75
Mrs. C G Ryman	14	7 75
J B Hann	12	13 25
John Hibbler	13	10 75
Mary N Case	14	7 75
Mrs Racheal Lyke	14	7 75
A R Peters	13	10 75
Marrion twp.		
Yerick & Son	12	13 25
Wilson & Zeigler	13	10 75
Miles twp.		
Forster & Bro	14	7 75
Miller, Ocker & Vonada	12	13 25
T N Wolf	14	7 75
T N Wolf	14	7 75
S Frank & Son	12	13 25
Jno W Shell	14	7 75
Thos Zeigler	14	7 75
Patton twp.		
Joseph Tressler	14	7 75
Mrs Kate Murray	14	7 75
Mattern a Bro	14	7 75
Penn twp.		
Geo W Stover	11	15 75
Alexander Bro's	13	10 75
Jacob Riesenhuth	14	7 75
John D Foote	14	7 75
W J McManigal	13	10 75
J W Snook	13	10 75
Hawley & Co	14	7 75
David Erdle	14	7 75
Potter twp.		
John Neff	14	7 75
Wm Wolf	12	13 25
Herlacher & Cronmiller	14	7 75
Phillips & Glasgow	14	7 75
W Armagast	13	10 75
A W Graff	13	10 75
J O Deinninger	14	7 75
J A Reesman	14	7 75
Strohm & Swartz	14	7 75
W J Thompson & Bro	12	13 25
Philipsburg Borough.		
E Bellinger	14	7 75
D Ayres	14	7 75
B J Bell	14	7 75
Oscar Adams	14	7 75
J R McKinney & Co	13	10 75
John Hawworth	13	10 75
John Nuttall	14	7 75
Jeffocyr Hayes	14	7 75
Mrs David Logan	14	7 75
Thos Switzer	14	7 75
W C McCausland	13	10 75
J N Casanovan & Co	13	10 75
M'Condo	14	7 75
Wm E Irvin	11	15 75
D R Jamison	14	7 75
H M Herrington	14	7 75
Thos Switzer	14	7 75
C Hertlinger	14	7 75
G Zeigler & Co	10	20 75
W H McCausland	14	7 75
J A Lahr	13	10 75
Mrs R Pierce	14	7 75
J C Dale	14	7 75
A Reeder	14	7 75
W H Jones	13	10 75
Peter Weber	14	7 75
Richard Hayes	14	7 75
Mrs L Manly	14	7 75
Kessler, Dubee & Co	9	25 75
E T Grey	14	7 75
James Morrison	14	7 75
Miss Jos Flegal & Co	14	7 75
G S Flegal	12	13 25
Jas A Ganoe	14	7 75
Mrs C Ducross	14	7 75
Wm D A Nangle	14	7 75
M G Rook	12	13 25
H Hermont	14	7 75
Robert Taylor	14	7 75
D C Van Etton	14	7 75
Mattern & Miller	10	20 75
F A Hutton	14	7 75
J J Wighaman	14	7 75
Peter Smith	14	7 75
Miss Ida Jones	14	7 75
Rush twp.		
E M Shordevan	13	10 75
W J Jackson	10	20 75
John Miller & Son	13	10 75
M Murphy	14	7 75
Snow Shoe twp.		
N Bower	13	10 75
H Williams	14	7 75
J H Crissman	13	10 75
J E Shriver	14	7 75
May, Loeb & Co	9	25 75
Jas Gates	14	7 75
Unionville Boro.		
Griest & Rumbagger	11	15 75
Nathan Hearsley	14	7 75
J & G Alexander	13	10 75
S A Martin	14	7 75
Walker twp.		
Solt & Yerick	13	10 75
Henry Brown	13	10 75
Solomon Confer	14	7 75
Houston & Rodgers	12	13 25
Solomon Peck	14	7 75
Spring twp.		
H. J. Barnes	14	7 75
T S Heverly	13	10 75
Worth twp.		
I V. Grey	14	7 75
H W Hoover	13	10 75
Jas Purdue	14	7 75
Bellefonte Borough.		
	Class.	License.
Joseph & Brother	10	$20 70
Edward Brown	14	7 75
H H Kline	8	30 75
H Hoffer	14	7 75
J W Cook	11	15 75
Lyon & Co	10	20 75
Wilson & Hicks	10	20 75
R F Rankin	13	10 75
J A Sands	14	7 75
D H Ruhl	13	10 75
J L Reisenstine	14	7 75
M L McBride	14	7 75
Geo O'Bryon	14	7 75
Levi Miller	14	7 75
John Hoffer	10	20 75
D M Wagner	9	25 75
Leob, May & Leob	10	20 75
J C Williams	12	13 25
C F Montgomery	14	7 75
John Montgomery	14	7 75
J Zellers & Son	13	10 75
J & J Harris	10	20 75
William McClellan	14	7 75
H Y Sitzer	14	7 75
F P Blair	14	7 75
Harper Bros	10	20 75
E Grayham	14	7 75
Brockerhoff Bros	12	13 25
M Zimmerman	14	7 75
H D Yerger	14	7 75
E Fortney	14	7 75
William Brown	14	7 75
H Hermont	12	13 75
S F Batchler	13	10 75
John S Longberger	14	7 75
H L Bartley	14	7 75
P Gugenheimer	10	20 75
A Sussman	13	10 75
Burnside & Thomas	11	15 75
Isaac Miller	14	7 75
J Welch & Co	13	10 75
J J Hughes	14	7 75
John Powers	14	7 75
F P Green	13	10 75
Wetsler & Twitmeyer	14	7 75
Seehler & Co	12	13 25
N Beck	14	7 75
Miss Price	14	7 75
Miss N K Dare	14	7 75
J P Zimmerman	13	10 75
J E Palmer	14	7 75
Freyberger & Grim	13	10 75
A Schroyer & Son	14	7 75
Wolf & Son	14	7 75
Mrs Sourbeck	14	7 75
John Breckbill	14	7 75
W H Wilkinson	7	40 75

An appeal will be held at Bellefonte, on June 2, at the Commissioners office, when those who see proper can at attend.
HENRY G. CONSER,
Mercantile Appraiser.

Great rush at Wolf's store, attracted by his large and splendid stock of new goods.

The weather was a little cool the last four days—on Wednesday morning frost in some localities.

Maj Reynolds, of Hatsburg, and Chr. Moyer of Penn, are dangerously ill.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
White Wheat $1,95, Red 190....Rye.....75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 35.....Barley 60. 70.....Clo verseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS
White wheat 1,85....Red wheat 1,80....Rye 70.....Corn 40.....Oats 35.....Barley 60..... Cloverseed 5,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 25... Eggs 25.....Plaster 9 50

15,000 BOLTS OF WALL PAPER!

Now on exhibition at Millheim and Milroy Hardware Stores. About 85 different patterns.

PRICES RANGING FROM 10 CENTS TO $1.00 PER BOLT.

Beautiful Gilt Paper at one dollar Panel Paper and Parlor Decorations.

A reasonable credit will be given to responsible parties for paper, or 5 per cent. deducted from prices for cash. Prices are the same at both Stores.
apr 3 4m. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

Great Reduction In Prices Of Note Paper.

We are now prepared to furnish Note paper at prices far below any that have ever before been offered at retail in this county.

Best quality Commercial note paper	at 15 cts per quire
Second best do	at 12 cts per quire
Third best do	at 10 cts per quire

Purchasers will find this to be of the same quality heretofore sold in this place for 25, 20, and 15 cts per quire, but having bought our paper at extremely low figures, we desire to give our customers the full benefit of the reduction.

Look At This!!
Initial Paper With Chromo!

French Initial paper 15 cts per box
Plain white " 20 " "
Rose tint " 25 " "
Two tints " 40 " "

With a handsome chromo given away with each 40 cent box.
JA

Farm, Garden and Household.

Domestic Receipts.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream tartar.

GOOD BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful baking powder, butter the size of a walnut; use water; don't mix stiff; bake quick.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, lard, or drippings, one-half cup of water, and one tablespoon soda, and one ginger.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart of bolted flour, two quarts of Graham, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one half cup of molasses, two thirds of a cup of yeast; mix with warm water not very stiff.

PUFF ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups, filling them half full. A quick but not scorching oven. These rolls are very nice.

WASHING BUTTER.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in answer to an inquiry, gives his views as follows:—It is asked—Does not the washing of butter cause the loss of its aroma? We are sure—no. It has nothing to do with it. It simply washes the milk out more readily, and saves labor in working out the buttermilk with a ladle. It rather assists in retaining the aroma and grain of the butter.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup coffee; one pound chopped raisins; three eggs; a dessert spoonful of each kind of spice; one nutmeg; teaspoonful of saleratus. Add flour enough to make it a little stiffer than pound cake. This cake will keep a long time. A little citron in very thin slices through the cake improves it, and currants may be substituted for part of the raisins.

Stay Where You Are.

We have many inquiries asking advice about selling farms at the East and going West. This everlasting uneasiness belongs to the Yankee character, and is one of the elements, perhaps, in his enterprise. We wish, however, to express, with emphasis, our dissent from the too prevalent opinion, that farms at the East are past working with profit. If, instead of selling out, the owner of an Eastern farm would inform himself as to the character of his soil and its needs, and then expend the amount of money he must sacrifice in selling off all his stock, farming tools and other personal property, in needed improvements and thorough working of his farm, he will find all he desires in the possibilities of the old homestead. There is no lack of the natural elements of fertility in these farms; they possess the undeveloped equivalents of a thousand crops. The deposits are there; only draw your check with the proper formality and the teller of Mother Nature's bank will honor it. Look at the advance of British agriculture in the last half century—her increase from fourteen to twenty-eight bushels of wheat per acre. If she had possessed millions of acres of virgin soil, her farmers might have abandoned the old and sought the new fields; but instead of that, they have added a new kingdom below, doubling the production of the acres they possess. Young men who have no farms, the old hive being full, will do well to seek one in the West, but do not abandon the ancestral acres to the stranger.—*Live-Stock Journal.*

Effect of Tar on Fruit Trees.

I wish to state a curious effect of tar upon fruit trees which came under my observation this year, and I hope it may prove a warning to all your readers who may think of painting trees to prevent the hares or rabbits from barking them, or for any other purpose. These trees were painted from the ground upward one or two feet; and almost every tree—apple, pear, peach, quince and all—ceased to grow where painted, while that part of the body above the painted portion continued to grow, expand and thrive as though nothing had happened—bark, branches and leaves, all looking very thrifty. A few of the trees died suddenly while in full leaf; the others are now fine looking above, but the body where the tar covered it looks as though it had a laced jacket of iron around it for one year, and is a half inch or more less in diameter. I think the whole orchard will finally die; for some of the trees, from weakness of stem below and growing weight above are toppling over. Does this not show that the enire bark of a tree, as well as the leaf, is an organ of respiration?—*R. N. J. Wilson, in Southern Farm Home.*

Renting Farms.

In renting or letting farms on shares there should be the most stringent stipulations on the part of proprietors relative to the use of the manure made on the place and the supply of fertilizing agents on the part of the renter or occupier of the land. We have known it to cost farmers more to restore their farms to the condition in which they left them, after an absence of three years, renters occupying them meantime, than they had received as rents in the interim. Absolute rest is often far more profitable than the renting system to the man who owns the land. It is only in rare cases that the system of renting pays the owner of land. In this country it has not been made so much either of a business or study on the part of farmers, and tenant rights and duties are not so clearly defined either by custom or law as in England, where most farming is done by tenants. If American farmers are to give up their lands to tenants and live off the income derived therefrom in villages, as seems to be the ambition of many, there is great need of the caution we have above given.

Management of Cattle.

A Massachusetts farmer says on this subject:

"My cattle like my company. When in the pasture they will follow me until I leave the lot; and as a general rule they come up to the barn-yard every night about sunset and in their way call for a lock of hay. Though I give them all they want they take but a few mouthfuls, which satisfies them, and I am confident it does them a good deal of good. It keeps their bowels regular and they thrive well and are happy. They do much better than they did when I changed pastures once a week, for now they have a change of food every day instead of once a week. Cattle need kindness and they pay well for it. I can handle my steers and others as I please. They will come up to me while I am milking and invite me to play with them. The time I think is not far distant when soiling cattle will be the most profitable where most of the farm can be cultivated. Provide a small lot for them to run in, feed green fodder, save all the manure, and our farms will grow richer."

Early Potatoes.

A little care will secure early potatoes two or three weeks before the time they will be ready to use if planted the common way in open ground. Cut the pieces of the earliest sorts, and place them under an inch or two of earth in a hot-bed, so closely in drills that they will touch, so as to economize room. When the open ground is dry enough, set them out. They will come on rapidly. If a frost should occur after they are set out, they may be protected with newspaper, but we have never known them to be materially injured, even if the tips were nipped a little by frost. Next to a hot bed, they may be easily sprouted in a warm room. Even when the sprouts grow accidentally, potatoes may be had some days earlier by carefully preserving the sprouts in setting them out.—*Country Gentleman.*

Liver Rot in Sheep.

An English farmer who has kept sheep for forty years, says he has found rock salt a valuable antidote for liver rot, and that these animals cannot be too liberally supplied with this saving substance. He further declares that in cases of congestion of the liver or rot he has found two tablespoonfuls of turpentine shaken up in half a pint of water and given to the sufferer a frequent cure, unless the disease has made very great progress.

A Terrible Case of Murder,

The Poor Insane Woman who Killed Her Two Children.

Annie Hennessey, who murdered her two children in a fit of frenzy, is still in a New York hospital. She is confined in one of the cells which are set apart for lunatics. A reporter who visited her says she appeared very unhappy. When her husband came to see her she scarcely recognized him, and, when he came the second time, she said, "Everything was all right," and asked him "To take care of the children," as if nothing had happened. He kissed her wildly and affectionately, but she stared at him vacantly and as if he was a stranger. From his crazed wife the wretched man went to look at the remains of his children and to think how he had doted on them and loved them. There they lay before him lifeless, charred, black from the fire on which they were roasted. They looked sweet even in death. A smile rested upon the face of the younger child, and the father kissed it passionately.

Annie Hennessey is a woman about the middle height, slim, with a long, sallow face, large gray eyes, that are deeply sunk and have a strange, weird lustre, and thin, pale lips. At first she seemed to be quite indifferent in regard to her fate, but in the afternoon she folded her hands together whenever one of the physicians approached her cell and prayed him, in touching accents, to let her go. Two Sisters of Charity visited her, and then came some relations. She spoke to them in incoherent, hollow whispers, and in so low a tone that it was very difficult to understand a word she said. When the reporter visited the cell the poor mother mentioned her children for the first time.

"Oh! my children, oh! my children!" she moaned in a low tone, "oh! my poor children!" The expression of her face was heartrending, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Where are they?" the doctor asked.

She paused awhile, and gazed on him with a look of anguish. "Oh! oh! they're dead," she moaned in the same low tone, and wringing her hands, "I killed them; I burnt them."

She buried her head in her hands and sobbed.

"Why did you kill them?" the doctor asked.

She was still weeping, but she raised her head and said, in the same hollow, unearthly tone, "The Lord and the angels appeared before me in a vision and told me to do it. The Lord motioned me to do it and (sadly) when I looked at my children I saw that their tongues were red flames, and I did it." There was a pause. She sobbed piteously, "Oh, my children! Oh, my poor children!"

"Did you strangle them first?" the doctor inquired.

"No, no," she moaned, gazing listlessly him. "I held the oldest first over the fire. (She wrung her hands.) Yes, I did. Oh, my children! Oh, my children!"

"And then you held the other one over the fire?"

"Yes, yes," she sighed, moaning again: "Oh, my children, my children!"

Words could not convey any idea of the anguish that was expressed in these simple words as the poor crazed mother uttered them.

She implored every one who came near her to let her see her children. Her children! None but a mother could have uttered the word as she uttered it. The reporter was told that she had been truly devoted to them, that she had seemed to love them better than she did her life. The thought that she had killed them whirled wildly through her feverish brain, and when she was told that they would be buried in a few hours, she hid her face in her hands and wept a long time, until at length she laid her head upon the pillow and sank into repose.

The children were buried by their father. Their charred forms rest in Calvary Cemetery. When they were found dead they lay with their arms entwined round each other's necks, and in the same position they lie in the grave.

The Baker Expedition.

The expedition which Sir Samuel W. Baker commanded was sent out in 1870 by the Khedive of Egypt. Its purpose was threefold. It was fitted out partly to continue the explorations made in the region of the Upper Nile and Lake Albert Nyanza by Sir Samuel in 1864, when he discovered the lake named, and to bring under subjection to the Khedive the fertile lands and the barbarous natives of that region, and partly to take measures towards the suppression of the slave trade of the Upper Nile. The expedition was the most imposing and the grandest that had ever been undertaken for the purposes of discovery, and was amply supplied with all the necessities for such a mission, including the machinery for small steamers. Owing to the great reputation for courage, endurance, and sagacity that Baker had acquired by his previous explorations in the same quarter of the globe, not to mention his superior knowledge of the lands to be visited, the Khedive selected him as the chief of the expedition. In the first year of the expedition Sir Samuel reached Gondokoro. He made an attempt subsequently from latitude 9 deg. 26 min. north, to ascend the White Nile, but after cutting his way through dense masses of cane and reeds which, in the shape of floating islands, completely impeded navigation, he was obliged to return to the point whence he had started. His purpose was then to await a favorable opportunity, with a high-water stage of the river, to force a passage through to Lake Albert Nyanza, and thus to succeed in floating his fleet of steamers on that lake, and so settle at least one purpose of the expedition, nameiy, the question of the true sources of the Nile. How far he has succeeded in the general plan of his expedition cannot be stated succinctly as yet. Sir Samuel was known to the Egyptians in connection with his command of the enterprise as Baker Pasha. He was a man of magnificent physique and of unusual physical strength. His height was over six feet, and he was a man who, if any man could, would be most likely to command the respect and awe of the barbarians whom he necessarily encountered. Lady Baker, whose maiden name was Florence Sars, was a Hungarian by birth, and her daring and her affection led her to follow her husband's fortunes in all his dangerous enterprises. She accompanied him in his fofmer explorations in the Upper Nile regions and was with him in the present, his third trip. It is now stated that Sir Samuel and his wife, Lady Baker, have been murdered in the interior of Africa by the natives of that country.

A Lot of Holidays.

For a young nation, the United States are accumulating a very neat little stock of anniversaries. The 17th of June, proximo, for instance, will be the two-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi river by Marquette and Joliet. With five other Frenchmen and a couple of Indians, they left Green Bay for the Southwest, ascending the Fox river to the dividing ridge between it and the Wisconsin. Their companions all returned to Green Bay, but Marquette, the priest, and Joliet, the merchant, the canoes having been carried across the ridge to the Wisconsin, descended that river, and on the 17th of June, 1673, they emerged from the Wisconsin upon the waters of the Upper Mississippi. The *St. Louis Republican* says pertinently: "And now, after a lapse of 200 years; after the wilderness they found had been converted into fields and gardens; after the wigwam villages have faded away, and the shadows of mighty cities fall upon the waters of the stream they found flowing through trackless wilds, it is proposed to revive the half-forgotten memories of Marquette and Joliet, and erect some suitable memorial which shall preserve their fame until the latest times." And very properly.

Carlists in the Province of Gerona are pillaging libraries and cabinets, murdering passengers, and seizing the mails.

The Great East River Bridge.

The Structure Towering Above Surrounding Objects---Foreign Engineers Taking an Interest in the Work.

The work on the East river bridge is being pushed forward with renewed vigor, and the working force has been doubled on both sides of the river. The tower on the Brooklyn side is completed to a height of about 150 feet, and the men are working on the three towers which rise from the main body on a level with the roadway of the structure. These towers are now twenty-five feet above the level of the roadway, and are being added to at the rate of a foot a day. Nearly all the work is being done by steam. A steam derrick hoists a vast block of stone from the pier to the top of the tower. It is then placed on a car, which moves on what is termed a traveling crane, in other words a track fixed on a movable road bed, and from this position it moves by means of a balance derrick, also worked by steam, to its appropriate place on the tower.

The outer upper towers on the Brooklyn side are 48 by 24 feet at the base, and as they ascend there are what engineers term "sloping offsets"—that is to say, the tower as it nears completion becomes narrower, but without assuming the shape of a cone or an Egyptian pyramid. This the engineer in charge (Mr. C. C. Martin) says gives a relief to the gloomy heaviness of the structure, for wherever there is an "offset" the stone is smooth-cut, instead of being left in rough jaggedness. This is also the case with the main tower, whose dark outlines are much relieved by occasional narrow streaks of cut stone, contrasting strinkingly with the rough surface of the other portions of the work. By graduating the structure in this way a great saving of material is effected, while the strength of the towers remains about the same as though they were built in solid form. The centre tower is 48 by 15½ feet at the base.

As the Brooklyn tower makes its slow but sure ascent, it is wonderful how it dwarfs the buildings in its neighborhood. Once the flour-mill at Fulton ferry loomed up as an immense structure, but now it shrinks into comparative insignificance beside its more lofty neighbor. The new ferry house, when it was built, had an imposing appearance as to the height of its towers, but now even the golden ball which tips its flagstaff is far below the bridge tower. As for the stores and dwellings on Fulton street, they have sunk below notice. Compared to the tower they look as insignicant as though they were old-fashioned watch boxes placed beside the new Court House, or East river oyster sloops ranged alongside the Great Eastern. Looking from the street at the men at work on the tower, they appear like dwafs, while on them the passers-by below have the appearance of lilliputians.

The Brooklyn tower now employs only 30 men, including carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and engineers, but 70 have been engaged for some time past in the excavations for the anchorage tower, which is to be erected in James street, above Front, near the old market. The excavation will be 129 by 119 feet, and 25 feet deep. So far the work has been easy and rapid, the soil being a light sand, well suited for building purposes. Mr. Martin says that this is worth $1.25 per cubic yard, and as he expects to take at least 12,000 yards from the excavation, worth $15,000, the building sand will pay all the working expenses. In this work, also, steam is employed wherever practicable. The sand is shovelled by men into a box holding two cubic yards and a steam engine hoists the box and dumps its contents into a cart. The foundation for the anchorage will be a timber platform, and it will contain 33,000 yards of masonry. Its height will be 89 feet above the level of the river. The excavation will be completed early in May, and the masons will probably begin work on the anchorage tower in June.

On the New York side the force, including masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths, is fifty men. Col. Payne, the engineer in charge, says that the progress made is equal to two feet in three days. The tower is sixty feet high, and it is expected that by the end of the season it will be raised to the height of the roadway—119 feet. The premises belonging to the Bridge Company are those formerly occupied by the Williamsburg ferry. The yard contains carpenter, machine and blacksmith shops, storehouses, machinery for mixing cement, and four engines for hoisting purposes. Little tramways intersect it at various points, and all material is conveyed to the works in small cars.

Late in the fall or early next season the excavation of the site for the New York anchorage tower will be begun. This tower will be of the same dimensions as that on the Brooklyn side. It will be situated a few feet west of Water street, and north of Dover street. The approaches to the New York terminus of the bridge will begin at Chatham street, and by an easy grade ascend to the height of the tower, being supported at convenient distances by iron girders and trusses, together with small piers of masonry or iron columns built within the blocks of building which will be crossed and occupied.

Col. Payne says that of all the visitors who have inspected the caissons, which are regarded as the most successful of the kind in the world, a small per centage only were from this city. But French, English, German, and Austrian engineers have visited and thoroughly inspected the works, which have been honored also by the presence of several delegations of Chinese and Japanese magnates, who have expressed unbounded admiration and surprise at the ease with which vast masses of granite are raised from the ground and placed in position.

To give a correct idea of the immense amount of material used in the caissons and towers it need only be said that each of the former contains 4,200,000 feet of timber—most of it heavy yellow pine, 380 tons of iron in bolts and sheathing, and 30,000 tons of masonry—the weight of the whole structure being 43,000 tons. Add to this 70,000 tons of masonry which form the tower, and the grand total is 113,000 tons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Coal in the Atmosphere.

Coal is carbon; carbon combines with oxygen to form carbonic acid; there is carbonic acid in the air and it is an interesting question how much coal in combination actually exists in the atmosphere about us. Savants assert that the total is not less than eight hundred and fifty thousand millions of tons. But this is only a fraction of that which formerly existed in the air when the world was young. The coal mines of the world are estimated as containing five million millions of tons, all of which was primarily taken from the air by the rank vegetation of primeval times.

Of course in those remote regions the atmosphere containing say seven times its present percentage of carbonic acid was unfitted for the animal life now flourishing on the globe. But as the carbon was withdrawn the oxygen was proportionally increased and respiration became gradually possible to animals of higher and more complex organization and requiring a more rapid oxygenation of the blood. Hence as the atmosphere changed by the growth of the coal forming vegetation, the organic creatures progressed from the earliest reptiles that crawled in the hot and wide reaching everglades to the being that, crowning the strange, long series, was made in the image of his Creator by whom "into his nostrils was breathed the breath of life."

WHERE OUR GOLD GOES TO.—It is estimated that fifteen per cent. of our gold product is melted down for manufacture, thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe directly, twenty-five per cent. goes to Cuba, fifteen per cent. to Brazil, five per cent. to China, Japan, and India, leaving five per cent. for domestic use. Fifty per cent. of that which goes to Cuba and Brazil ultimately goes to Europe, from whence four-fifths of their whole supply goes to India, where it is absorbed and disappears from sight in a mysterious manner. For many years this absorption of gold, and silver as well, has been going on in the East Indies and China.

Romance of a Life,

The Story of Lady Ellenborough---An English Lady Weds an Arab Chief.

Mrs. Isabel Burton writes from Trieste to the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

Will you allow me to contradict, as the editor of the *Triester Zeitung* has done here, the correspondent at Beyrout, who writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna concerning the late Lady Ellenborough?

About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the Desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a young brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like what London or Paris would be to us), for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to the Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Hon. Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the desert in the Bedouin tents of the tribe. In spite of this hard life necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des doigts" in sentiment, voice, manners, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and the queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passerby from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden-flowers or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined, and delicate. "*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*" Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian lady and an English woman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Real Bob Whittle.

One of the most eccentric of all the characters mixed up in the Modoc war is Bob Whittle, a Missourian, who follows the joint calling of fisherman and grazier on the banks of Klamath Lake. Bob is a regular specimen of an unsuccessful "forty-niner," and can lie down and go to sleep with a good grace wherever night overtakes him. He is the soul of hospitality, however, and never lets a man leave his house with an empty diaphragm. About eighteen years ago, when other men were going wild in the struggle for gold, Bob turned his back upon the flourishing little city of Yreka, and became an Ishmaelite by the borders of the great inland sea. Here he met a dusky daughter of the wilderness, and breathed gushing accents of undying affection into her sunburnt ear.

Bob is a social fellow, and has a decided tendency for "keerds." He came home with a new suit of clothes once, and his wife, wishing to upbraid him for his extravagance of dress, asked:

"What you pay for dem clothes?"

"Four jacks," was the oracular answer.

One day a fellow came out from Jacksonville to see him. The traveler's wardrobe consisted of a deck of cards and a fishing line. Bob treated him kindly and bade him come into the chateau and be sociable. So at it they went to play a champion match at cribbage, the best 999 games out of 1,000, for a dollar's worth of tobacco. Weeks rolled by, in which they fished, hunted, and played cards, but Bob cut no hay nor reaped oats. His better half, becoming very much discouraged, walked into the room one day just in time to hear him say: "Well, George, I think I've got you where the har's short—I've got fifteen two, fifteen four—"

"Heep smart man," said the dusky matron with a smile of ineffable disgust; "heep smart man. All de time talkee 'fifteen two, fifteen four.' Bimeby Bob Whittle he got no halo chemuck in de house."

From that hour Bob experienced a thorough reformation. He took the source of all his misery—a big wooden crib-board—and whittled a handle on one end of it, so that his youngest boy could use it to paddle his little cherub sister, and he burned the deck of cards beneath the smouldering embers on the family hearthstone.

TRUE AS CAN BE.—A European writer has said "the reader of a newspaper does not see the first insertion of an ordinary advertisement; the second insertion he sees, but does not read; the third insertion he reads; the fourth insertion he looks at the price; the fifth insertion he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth insertion he is ready to purchase, and the seventh insertion he purchases." Which is about so. We commend the above to the perusal of all who are the least skeptical with regard to the benefits to be derived from advertising.

SINGULAR RESULT FROM A SCRATCH.—A very singular result was produced by a scratch from a wire in taking off a "strike" in a brick-yard in Louisville, Mr. Geo. Fults received a slight wound in the left wrist from a wire, and since that time has been growing continually worse, notwithstanding medical aid, until the entire left side had become cold and inanimate as in death, while the opposite side of the body is at fever heat. His friends are very much alarmed for fear that the accident, if not of a fatal nature, will at least cause the paralysis of the affected side.

London has a "Salvage Corps," supported by fire insurance companies, which aids the fire brigade in extinguishing fires, guards property in burnt buildings, and looks after the interests of the insurers generally.

The Transportation Question.

How the Matter is Viewed Officially in the West.

In a letter from Gov. Carpenter, of Iowa, to Gov. Woodson, of Missouri, we find the following extract:

"The enormous over-production of the Mississippi Valley now seeking an eastern outlet, but absolutely withheld from market, and the consumption of population, clamoring for bread because of a lack of facilities for transportation, and the exorbitant charges of railways now in existence, cannot be regarded as a financial stringency arising from the wild speculation, or any of the ordinary causes of business stagnation; nor is it a portent of evil in the future. It is, on the contrary, simply an evidence that the industry and enterprise of the agricultural population of the West have reached a point in advance of the transportation and manufacturing interests of these States; therefore, it is not strange that the people of the Mississippi Valley clamor for increased facilities with which to carry on profitable exchanges with consumers upon whom they are dependent for a market. If railroads charge 37 1-5 cents a bushel to move grain from St. Louis to the city of New York in the month of January, when there is no water communication between those two markets except by way of the Gulf, (and this I find to be the average of winter charges for the last five years,) and if, as is claimed, the same grain could be moved, were there a direct water communication from the metropolis of Minnesota to the seaboard, for 10¼ cents a bushel, the necessity for increased facilities of transportation and cheaper carriage than the producer can now obtain, is enforced with powerful effect. And when we consider that the present population of 10,000,000, now occupying the grain-growing portion of the Mississippi basin, will soon be increased by another 10,000,000, while the profusion of marketable products will be more than correspondingly increased, as improved machinery in the future, as in the past, will enable the agriculturist to realize more returns from a given amount of labor—the importance of this question becomes of such surpassing magnitude as to promise an irrepressible agitation until finally and wisely solved.

If, as I have above advanced, and is believed by practical men, a bushel of corn can be carried from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean for less than eleven cents, proper facilities for transportation being provided, it serves to show that whatever improvement may be made for the purposes of utilizing any water route at all practicable, and whatever may be done to establish new railway lines and to protect the people from their consolidation when built, will be of vital benefit to the entire country. And it is believed to be demonstrable that the difference between a reasonable price for transporting Western surplus products and the present charges of freight lines, for a single year, would go far toward the completion of an entire double-track railway from the Mississippi to the Atlantic seaboard. The whole railway problem is comparatively of recent origin, having grown up within the last half century. As a preliminary, therefore, to the discovery of a remedy for evils inseparable from vast corporate enterprises, managed solely in the interest of individual corporators, to which the commercial habits of every civilized people have almost entirely committed the carrying business of the world, more specific and general knowledge among the people of the whole transportation question is of the first importance. And a convention of the character contemplated would, if no other result followed its action and its discussions, enlarge the boundaries of public information upon the issues involved in the question of harmonizing the business of transportation with the interests of the people."

Fall of Man.

How it strikes the Danbury *News* man is appended: "You are generally looking at something very intently when it happens—perhaps you are smiling to yourself; then your left foot shoots out to one side with a suddenness that creates sickness in the family. Ice commenses to form on your spine and perspiration on your brow, and your scalp lifts enough to permit a streak of cold air to pass under. The other leg goes out at this juncture, your head snaps violently to the front, and there is a faint impression on your mind that the world is about to come to an end, with nobody in charge. Miles of sidewalk spin out from you like lightning; three-story buildings jump over your head in quick succession; people disappear suddenly and with appalling mystery; then your eyes close, your consciousness wanes, and your soul goes out with one expiring quiver, and—and you arrive. The hard reality of the scene is then forced upon you with unpleasant abruptness. Everything is in its place but your spine. You get up and move off with a sickly attempt at a smile, feeling at the time that the back of your head is laughing from ear to ear, and finding that the hardest thing is, not the sidewalk, but to keep from rubbing yourself.

Very Much Mistaken.

A few nights ago a well-known business man of Ottawa, Canada, indulged to liberally in the exhilarating beverage until a late hour. About midnight he set out for home. Instead of going to his own door he walked confidently up to his neighbor's door and pulled the bell boldly. The inmates had retired to rest, and some time elapsed before the door was opened; the whiskified individual became outrageous, and began to act in a most violent manner. The door was opened, and, to his horror, by a stranger. His wrath increased, and in less time than it takes to write this he had hurled him headlong out upon the street. He then locked the door and went up stairs, but nothing seemed in its proper place, and he found progression almost impossible. He finally lit a match, and a glance at the surroundings convinced his muddled brain that he was not in his own house. He got out, therefore, as soon as possible, and fortunately just in time to escape a thrashing from the enraged proprietor who had effected an entrance by the back door.

A SAD TRAGEDY.—One of the saddest tragedies on record is the Alders fratricide in Chicago. Several days ago two young men, brothers, quarreled, got to blows, and one of them, in the frenzy of passion, stabbed the other with a small knife, killing him. No sooner had he committed the rash and murderous act than he was so completely overwhelmed by sorrow and anguish that it is doubtful whether his reason will withstand the test; and, to add still further to the horror and sadness of the event, the father of the young men, while on the witness stand at the Coroner's inquest, suddenly became insane. The family are Hollanders, and the murderer, who wails and weeps continually over the bloody deed to which an ungovernable temper impelled him, now lies in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A STRANGE DEFENCE.—Recently $10,000 were awarded by an English jury as damages to a maiden of twenty-six, who had failed to carry out a marriage contract. His defence was that the promise was conditional on the acquiescence of his three eldest daughters, one of whom was eighteen years old, four brothers and sisters of his deceased wife, and his ancient maiden aunt. The jury considered that any man who could be so foolish as to look for the unanimous consent of all of these parties, should pay a round sum for a little wisdom.

BURNING TAN-BARK.—An Italian engineer who has published at Milan a book of tables and formulæ for engineers, states therein that from 1,200 parts of tan-bark there is a residue of 1,000 parts of spent tan, which are equal in heating power to 800 parts of wood or 270 to 300 parts of coal. Spent tan-bark, perfectly dry, is able to produce 3,400 heat-units. A twelve-horse power steam-engine consumed 28½ pounds of dry bark per horse-powder per hour.

The Modoc Treachery.

What a Son of one of the Murdered men has to say.

E. C. Thomas, a son of Rev. E. Thomas, one of the Peace Commission murdered by the Modocs, has written to a friend, in which he says: "If the severest punishment be visited upon the hostile Indians, let peace and justice and security be still sought for others. Father's heart was in the cause in which he gave his life, and the cause is worthy and must be persevered in. We suffer for the ill deeds of our own race, and must still suffer, perhaps. But we owe it to ourselves and to the Indians to persevere. I hope you are with me still in this. I hope Gen. Grant is. The Indians must know our power, and that our mercy is not cowardice—they must know our word is true. I speak for myself, and I hope I may be entitled to some consideration. I am not asking for false mercy, or that the frontiersman be exposed to any avoidable risk of life and property.

The Indians are what they are, I believe, because the whites with whom they are in contact have been what they have been. We are to blame; not the poor Modocs; but the rapacious, lawless, perfidious whites are guilty of his blood. We blame no one for his death. Now that the first shock has passed away, we find more to rejoice in than to mourn over. He was ready—always ready. His heart was only love. How any man or beast could meet the kind smile of that face, and do the old man harm, I cannot understand. In the fullness of his power, in the ripeness of his manhood, when he was living every day so near the heavenly world, and was always in near communion with the better land, God took him higher at once, painless. To few men, comparatively, is it given to die like a martyr, and for your agency in thus securing the past of a glorious life in the service of his Church and his fellow-men, and in securing the future to him and us, I thank you. We will pluck up our hearts, and follow on till God grants us the blessings of death.

This flurry will soon pass over. Without saying anything now, let the Government adhere to its grand purpose to be just and true to these children of the land. Don't let the precious blood of the dead be only the signal for an insane crusade for vengeance. Let it not be for war alone. They died who lived for peace. To be sure peace will come through war, but not by extermination.

Mother bears it well; so do the children. We are happy because he is happy beyond the chance of suffering. And he did suffer here, and suffering made him perfect. He was already beyond the reach of malice to anger or provoke him, but not of course, to wound his soul. And now his cup is full of joy."

Three Remarkable Stars Now Visible.

A brilliant starry triangle is now visible in the early evening. It is made up of the three brightest stars that are seen in our latitude, with the exception of Mars, when in apposition. Venus, Jupiter, and Sirius form the shining points of the celestial triangle, and make the geometrical marvel easy to recognize. Venus must be looked for in the West, Jupiter towards the zenith in the East, and Sirius in the South.

The contrast in color and apparent size between these stars is strongly marked. Venus takes the lead, as she hangs like a golden lamp in the glowing West; Jupiter is of a deeper tint, shading towards orange, while Sirius, glittering with beaming rays, is of softened white, tinged with a blending of the most delicate shades of green and blue. The real contrast between the stars is far greater than the seeming one, and in an inverse ratio. Venus is a little globe, no larger than ours; Jupiter is a giant planet, fourteen hundred times as large as the earth, while Sirius is a glorious sun, twenty millions of millions of miles away, and yet one of our nearest stellar neighbors, although far more powerful and many times exceeding in size the sun, our symbol of omnipotence.

In a few weeks the starry triangle will be broken up, its members taking new positions and forming new combinations, while new stars will take their places upon our field of evening observation, as I furnish the never-ending variety, which is one of the charms of the science of astronomy.

The Hog-Reeve.

Parson Dunham had been for many years settled over the parish of Wilmot, and by a course of events which had happened, as such things are prone to happen in this imperfect society of ours, he had become unpopular with many of his people, and they, to show their feeling, and to extend a hint which they hoped the old minister would take, on a certain March meeting, when the legal voters of the town assembled to elect officers, elected him to the office of hog-reeve. Mr. Dunham was present, and when the fact of his election had been announced, he arose and addressed the Moderator thus:

"Sir, I was chosen many years ago as pastor of this flock. To change is human. That my people have changed is not wonderful; I am only thankful that they realize the change; and as they evidently *made this change in my office to correspond therewith*, I accept it cheerfully, and will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.—*Ledger.*

THIRTEEN YEARS OF MISERY.—A farmer of Maine thirteen years ago made twenty-five bushels out of a load of potatoes of only twenty-four, by short measure. The fraud gained him a few cents. For thirteen years these cents lay heavily on his conscience, and now he has returned $1.50 to his old customer, being the original sum defrauded, with interest at ten per cent., as conscience money, and he sleeps peacefully at last.

A CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION.

For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. This unequaled expectorant for curing Consumption, and all diseases leading to it, such as affections of the throat, lungs, and all diseases of the pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the cure of such diseases have been fully tested by the medical faculty. The Balsam is consequently recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

Drs. Wilson & Ward, physicians and druggists, write from Centreville, Tenn.: "We purchased *Allen's Lung Balsam*, and it sells rapidly. We are practicing physicians, as well as druggists, and take pleasure in recommending a great remedy, such as we know this to be."

Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, surgeon in the army during the war, from exposure, contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitancy in stating that it was by the use of your *Lung Balsam* that I am now alive and enjoying good health."

Nathaniel Harris, of Middleberry, Vt., says: "I have no doubt it will soon become a classical remedy against the cure of all diseases of the Throat Bronchial Tubes and Lungs."

Amos Woolly, M. D., of Kosciusco Co., Ind., says: "For three years past I have used *Allen's Lung Balsam*, extensively in my practice, and I am satisfied there is no better medicine for lung diseases in use."

Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merit. What they say about

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

can be taken as a fact. Let all afflicted test it a once, and be convinced of its real merits.

As an expectorant it has no equal.
It is harmless to the most delicate child.
It contains no opium in any form.

Directions accompany each bottle.

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GET RID OF A COLD AT ONCE by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a certain cure for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections.

The Modoc War.

The Ambushed Scouting Party.

When on the unfortunate reconnoitering party Captain Thomas found himself and his men surrounded by his foe, true to his nature as a soldier, he sought to cheer the soldiers on to the bitter end and obtain if possible life for life, and to sell their lives dearly, saying: "Men, we are surrounded; we must fight and die like men and soldiers." In his noble efforts to sustain the courage of his small command he was ably seconded by Lieutenant Howe and Lieutenant Wright. After receiving a mortal wound he buried his gold watch and chain among the rocks and emptied his revolver among the enemy before dying. In many instances it was difficult to recognize